

# COUNTRY LIFE

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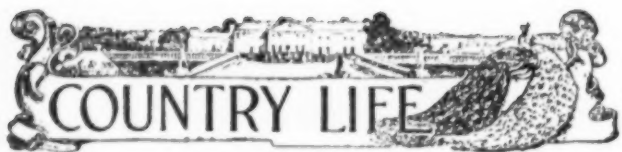
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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## WOMEN IN . . . AGRICULTURE.

OUR agricultural notes to-day bear eloquent and convincing testimony to the fact that women are not yet eliminated from the cultivation of the soil. Mr. Rider Haggard says they are so in his district, and that you may travel over the length and breadth of East Anglia without seeing a woman working in the fields. The curious thing about the contrast is that if we take the counties from the immediate South of the Tweed to the far North of Scotland, where women are most freely employed in doing agricultural work, it will be found that these are the districts in which men receive the highest wages, whereas in Mr. Rider Haggard's district, and for many miles round about it, low wages have prevailed for many generations. The paradox is more apparent than real. When everything else is stripped aside, the true explanation of the higher rate of payment in the Northern part of Great Britain is to be found in the demand for men in pursuits other than agriculture. Wages in Northumberland and Durham have been kept up because the coal mines are keen competitors with the farms and the labour market. It is very difficult to get "hinds," as the labourers are called in that district. The reaction from this is a great demand for female labour, which in its turn is very much better paid than corresponding work in the South of England. We sometimes think that the state of things which existed a generation ago was extremely favourable for developing the ultimate prosperity of the farm labourer. In a grown-up family it was not an unusual thing for both the sons and

daughters to work in the fields. At the same time, payment was very largely in kind. The full "hind" received as part of his wages from one thousand to two thousand yards of potatoes in the fields of his master, as much meal, which was his name for oatmeal, as sufficed to carry him through the winter, and the keep of a cow that provided him with milk, butter and home-made cheese. Usually his other livestock was a pig, which was largely fed from the refuse, potatoes and garden vegetables. Thus the "hind" did not need money, except at rare intervals. He made his clothes last him the best part of a lifetime, his wife knitted his stockings and the purchase of a pair of boots was an event in the household. Usually the members of the family worked together in harmony. They were all making good wages, and the money was either placed in a bank or kept, with equal care, in a stocking-foot till the time came when the united earnings enabled the father to take and stock a farm.

It will be remembered that some twelve months ago a Northumbrian contributor, who has unrivalled means of knowing the origin of the farming families in the district, drew up a table to show what a large majority of them had sprung from the ranks of labour. Till recently, in fact, the "gentleman farmer" was a rarity in Northumberland, and it would be safe to say that a considerable majority of those who tenant the various holdings in the county originated from the cottage. The plan is one to which we may have to go back, as it certainly worked better in the way of selecting the fit. Women played a great part in it. There was a burden of labour on them, no doubt, but as a reward of their labour they enjoyed magnificent health. It is so to this day. The ploughing woman in our photograph, who acquitted herself most creditably in the contest with male rivals, is seventy years of age, and there were several other women competitors whose ages ranged from fifty onwards. They all did very well, proving that they had been accustomed to the plough. Possibly the women of Scotland have done that for generations. It will be remembered that when John Grumlie swore "by the light of the moon and the green leaves on the tree" that "he could do more work in an hour than his wife could do in three," he was confounded by the difficulties of performing the household tasks, while his wife steered the plough about the fields with great joy and exhilaration. Anyone who has seen a harvest-field in the North is aware that these women are not degenerate.

Much has been written recently of women in agriculture, as though their presence there were something extremely novel; but in the districts where women work in the fields it is by no means unusual to find women farmers who superintend the work as successfully as any man, and some of whom at least have been able to realise a competence for themselves from the proceeds of their husbandry. In one of Thomas Hardy's novels a woman farmer is introduced with effect, which shows that in Dorset she was no unknown phenomenon during the novelist's youthful days. But in the South of England there are fewer women farmers than in the North, and it might be well worth the consideration of those who are on the look-out for a career whether they could not find a suitable one in the ranks of husbandry. Women have taken to gardening, and they play a conspicuous part in such byways of horticulture as the cultivation of flowers for decorative purposes and the growing of violets and other fragrant blooms for the use of the perfumer. Indeed, in one case at least the women farmers are the perfumers as well. There does not seem to be any insurmountable obstacle to the widening of this field of activity. Women who have taken to the breeding of fancy poultry, of show dogs and cats, or even the maintenance of a herd of Jersey cattle, have demonstrated that they have the instinct for breeding and that delight in rearing which are the main qualifications in the production of livestock. There is no doubt that women can manage animals as well as men can, and experience has shown that they can reap and they can sow, they can plough and they can mow nearly as well as any farmer's boy who ever attempted the performance of these pleasant tasks.

### Our Portrait Illustration.

THIS week we publish as our frontispiece a portrait of Her Highness Princess Pauline Duleep Singh. Her father is the eldest son of the late Maharajah Duleep Singh of Lahore. Her mother, Lady Anne Duleep Singh, is the youngest daughter of the ninth Earl of Coventry.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY



## • NOTES •

ON a neighbouring page there will be found an important instalment of the history of the Ornithologists' Union expedition to New Guinea, which is being written for us as the work goes on. It tells of many vicissitudes. The explorers are certainly not out on a pleasure trip, but are attempting a task which severely tries the brain, muscle and constitution of the strongest. They are greatly to be congratulated on the difficulties they have been able to surmount and the prospect of achieving something very memorable. They have not yet encountered the famous beast which is alleged to inhabit those regions; but an indefatigable member of the party, Mr. Claude Grant, has been able to take some important measurements of the newly-discovered pygmies, in spite of the shy and suspicious nature of these small people. We considered these facts of so much importance as to warrant their submission before publication to Dr. Haddon, the well-known ethnologist, who has very kindly written the following comment on them.

"The expedition of the British Ornithologists' Union to the Snow Mountains of New Guinea has, without doubt, discovered a tribe of pygmies in the mountains of Netherlands New Guinea. The new measurements of Mr. Claude Grant leave no doubt on the point. The average human stature appears to be about 1,675mm. (5ft. 6in.). Those people who are 1,725mm. (5ft. 8in.) or more in height are said to be tall; those below 1,625mm. (5ft. 4in.) are short; while those who fall below 1,500mm. (4ft. 11in.) are now usually termed pygmies. Thus the natives of Wakatimi and Paramau fall under the 'short' category, while the mountain tribe are true pygmies, the tallest measuring 1,554mm. (5ft. 1¼in.), being probably, as Mr. Grant suggests, of mixed blood. Most of them seem to range from about 1,360mm. (4ft. 5½in.) to 1,450mm. (4ft. 9in.), and thus they are very typical pygmies in the true sense of the term. I have not seen any account of the colour of their skin or character of their hair, nor have I seen any head measurements; therefore I cannot say to what other pygmy people they are allied. Further details will be awaited with interest. Under the exceptionally unfavourable conditions which the expedition has laboured, much detailed information cannot be expected; but it is evident that such zealous and indefatigable explorers will do all that is possible.—A. C. HADDON."

Many of our readers, as they peruse the excellent and attractive article on "The Netherby Experiments with Wild Ducks," will call to mind the name of Mr. Charles Cornish, who, in our Christmas Number of 1902, described these experiments at a much earlier stage. Had he lived, nobody would have been more interested in the novel development which has followed. Mr. Cornish died, it will be remembered, in 1906, and although his interest in wildfowl, pheasants and, indeed, every sort of bird, remained keen and vivid to the last, his eyes were closed before seeing the end of many things of which he had watched the beginning. In the days of Mr. Cornish the word "duck" was used almost exclusively, because the wild duck was, practically speaking, the only bird reared and shot. Mr. Millais, it will be noticed, uses the word "ducks," and the change is significant.

It means that several other species have been brought under treatment, the best being, undoubtedly, from the sportsman's standpoint, the teal. But all this will be more fully explained in the second part of Mr. Millais's contribution.

Lord Robert Cecil belongs to a family of clear thinkers, and the question he asked at Mr. Christopher Turnor's lecture the other night is important. Mr. Turnor had been insisting that the land should be industrialised. But if that was done, what would be the effect? We know that in the majority of industries the tendency is not to split up, but to aggregate. Instances could be given from nearly every department of commerce. The great stores always tend to oust the small merchant. Even in newspapers the successful owner generally tries to extend his business by acquiring other property. Lord Robert Cecil's point, then, is that the same thing would occur in regard to land. The farmer on a large scale has very great advantages over him who must work on a small scale; and he who has the profits of a thousand acres can afford to have much less per acre than he who has only fifty acres to live upon. If this is so, and we can scarcely see how it can be denied, no legislation in the world can hinder the aggregation of estates, even if they are broken up in the meantime.

It is sincerely to be hoped that those who are considering the question of the best weapons with which to arm our police for their better security against armed and desperate criminals will not be diverted from the real issue, or allow their better judgment to be overruled, by loose talk about giving the police the latest, up-to-date weapons and by the emphasis which has been laid on the possession by the men who met their death in Sidney Street of "Mauser pistols sighted up to a thousand yards." Of all the many letters to the papers on the subject we have read but one which touches the real point. What the police want is not a weapon which will carry a small bullet a thousand yards, but one which will carry a big heavy bullet—a man-stopping bullet—ten, fifteen or twenty yards. That is the essential. The police will not be called upon to engage in long-distance firing, but they need a weapon that will be really effective at short range. To this end, the big, clumsy, old-fashioned revolvers which have been much derided are really extremely effective, and it is a distinct point in their favour that for tackling the less desperate type of criminal they may be used unloaded, and their butt may form a very persuasive substitute for the truncheon.

### TO A YOUNG LADY MAKING TEA.

Six little cups of blue and gold,  
A table-cloth that you can fold,  
Not quite perhaps as you were told,  
In curious creases;  
A plateful of pretending cake  
Of which for peace and quiet's sake  
We all obediently take  
Pretending pieces.

These 'tis the height of earthly joys—  
A thing beyond all common toys—  
To rub and scrub and drop and poise  
In your small fingers,  
Till he who diligently sups  
On phantom cake and empty cups  
Believes that e'en for poor grown-ups  
Romance still lingers.

But we, who struggle to retrieve  
The lost delights of make-believe  
And our too conscious fancies weave,  
We cannot see things  
Save in some mock-romantic guise:  
Yours is the simple paradise,  
Who pore with little serious eyes  
Upon your tea things.

BERNARD DARWIN.

In the new number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture first place is given to an article on the cultivation of the sugar beet, and, in a note, we are informed that it is based on the general practice of sugar beet-growing on the Continent. Now, that is surely the wrong kind of article for the official Journal. If the Board of Agriculture were arranged on a practical basis and put in a position to do real service to agriculture, it would itself grow sugar beet under the conditions that prevail in this country, and would be able to say definitely to English farmers, "It is good and profitable for you to grow sugar beet," or "It is neither good nor profitable for you to do anything of the kind." That would be first-hand information, instead of a collection of second-hand notes from the Continent of Europe. Again, the question that is perturbing British farmers is not whether sugar beet can be grown in this



country or not, but whether that crop would be as profitable as other crops that can be grown. Their only inducement to undertake it would be that they could earn more by growing beet than by growing their usual crops. It is well known that those who took part in the largest experiment conducted during the past summer were dissatisfied with the pecuniary results. They certainly could have made more out of the land by other means, and it is for those who advocate the extensive growing of sugar beet in England to show that the farmer can enrich himself by that form of husbandry. It must be borne in mind that at present he can make fairly good profits out of livestock, cereals and potatoes.

Lord Fisher, when he was plain Admiral Fisher, on a celebrated occasion told us that we might all sleep soundly in our beds; that whatever else was wrong in England, the Navy was right. And now his successor, Sir Arthur Wilson, comes forward with the same reassurance. He says nothing about people sleeping soundly in their beds; but, in an interesting note to a new edition of General Sir Ian Hamilton's "Compulsory Service," points out that the invasion of England under the present arrangements would be practically impossible. Ships of war can now be summoned by wireless telegraphy, and, if they could not, our fleet of submarines is sufficient of itself to guard our shores. Lest we should become careless, however, he points out that the really serious danger to this country that we have to guard against is not invasion, but interruption of our trade and the destruction of our merchant shipping. That, indeed, is the vulnerable point, and if it be rightly considered, it will be seen that the whole future prosperity of this country demands that we have a Navy sufficiently large and effective to protect this gigantic commerce. There is nothing in Sir Arthur Wilson's words to make us for a moment suspend our vigilance.

The mouth of the bibliophile will water as he reads of the treasures that are to come to the hammer owing to the dispersal of the Huth library. Old Bibles, from the famous Mazarin Bible downwards; works now worth their weight in gold from the presses of Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson; ancient manuscripts, including a Norman French "Romance of Merlin," dating from the thirteenth century, old editions, unique copies, all that the book-lover prizes, have been got together by the elder Mr. Huth and the son who inherited his tastes as well as his library. Yet a certain melancholy must be engendered by the fact that this magnificent collection is to be scattered. It can never exist as an entity after the sale because, naturally, those who collect such things are chiefly intent on making good their deficiencies, and those who deal in them buy only to sell again. As long as the library existed it was a national asset, but now, no doubt, many of the most treasured contents of the collection will be sent out of the kingdom altogether.

The *Times* of Tuesday last contained two very cheering paragraphs about the state of trade. One is the announcement that the long period of depression in the Lancashire cotton trade has come to an end. Business is now "humming," and both spinners and manufacturers are as busy as they can be. Our contemporary says every available weaving-shed and every available loom has been got to work and there is employment for more operatives than can be found. This should be read side by side with a paragraph about ship-building. A telegram from Sunderland says that there has been a great demand for shipyard workers, particularly from Birkenhead, but also from Tyne and Tees and the Royal shipyards. Very important orders have been secured by the firm of Messrs. Cammell, Laird and Co. The message concludes with the statement that the prospects are most healthy for the whole year. With two such trades as cotton and ship-building active the prosperity of the country is very nearly ensured.

In our correspondence columns "W." has a most interesting letter on the food of the labourer, and we may say that there is no one in England better qualified to speak on the subject. He draws particular attention to the waste that goes on in the cottage. It is most extraordinary that people who often feel the pinch of hunger should be wasteful of food, but so it is. The average peasant has not the slightest idea about utilising bones for soup or kindred economies, and in regard to bread the ignorance has become gross ever since the housewife began to cease baking bread and to buy it instead at the shop. "W." puts a few queries to dwellers in towns, whom he considers just as ignorant as the cottager. They are very important questions, and until the householder can answer them correctly, the periodical discussions about bread must be more or less futile. The crusades that are being started to promote health ought to take as their basis the purity of food. Teach the labouring

classes to know good bread when they see it; to have no milk that is not clean; to abjure altogether the machine-skimmed abominations sold in the village shop; to appreciate the fact that soup can be made both nourishing and cheaply; that such puddings as hominy cost extremely little and are both pleasant and satisfying; and, finally, that there is virtue in oatmeal, and a long step in advance will have been taken.

A little better acquaintance with the climate of the South-West corner of our own island would probably induce more and more Britons to make it their winter resort in preference to the Riviera, where the weather is certainly no milder and the houses are not nearly so well constructed to keep out the cold. On New Year's Day we hear of roses, pansies, primulas, snapdragon, stocks and wallflowers all in bloom at once in one Cornish garden. It is suggested that this is not at all an extraordinary floral witness; it indicates nothing exceptional either in the season or in the situation, and is, indeed, not very far from typical of what may be found in that country at that date in any winter. The Gulf Stream helps all that part of England to keep itself warm in winter, and one enormous advantage that it has for the Briton over any foreign resort is that if he is ill, or bored, he has only to put himself into a comfortable train and be conveyed without change or trouble to that city which is the centre of every Briton's universe. Cornwall seems to think it is paying its climate a compliment when it advertises itself as the "Cornish Riviera." The compliment is really a flattering one to the climate of the Riviera of the Mediterranean. And Devon "in wind and rain," with its mud, and its narrow lanes always full of livestock, would be an adorable place in which to spend a winter week-end, if only it were not so far away from London.

#### IN THE NIGHT.

The bats go fluttering to and fro,  
They flit about in the night,  
And the children wonder where they go  
When they hide from the happy light:

The owls go hooting far and wide,  
They flap about in the night,  
And the children wonder where they hide  
When the morning sky is bright:

Our hearts go hungering far away,  
They wail about in the night,  
And the children wonder every day  
At thoughts that are out of sight.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

At the present time it is almost impossible to purchase home-grown apples in the London shops, or, indeed, in many of our large provincial towns. Colonial fruits can be had in abundance; but, excellent though some of these varieties are, they cannot be compared with our best English fruits for crispness of flesh and richness of flavour. That it is possible to keep home-grown apples in good condition until this time of the year was fully demonstrated at the Royal Horticultural Society's exhibition on Tuesday last, when three large collections of apples were exhibited. One of these comprised one hundred distinct varieties, many of which were first-class dessert apples. No doubt these particular fruits had been stored in some special manner, and the question naturally arises whether it would pay market-growers to go to the trouble that is required to keep many of these sorts in good condition until well into January. Fortunately, the British public is learning to discriminate between good and inferior fruits.

The end of the rubber boom is a phrase now adopted by the makers of motor-tires as giving the reason why they are enabled to lower their prices. Firms like the Dunlops and the Michelin are to be congratulated on the promptitude with which they have admitted their customers to participation in the advantage of falling prices. Golfers will say that the makers of golf balls would do well to follow the example. They do not seem to be in a particular hurry to recognise the end of the rubber boom.

The most recent reports from Norway speak of heavy snow, and that is very welcome news for the man who has a thought of salmon-fishing on Norwegian rivers in a few months' time. Dr. Habenicht's forecast of a severe winter must have been received by him with gratitude, for in some previous seasons, and notably in the last, the salmon-fishing in Norway has been very badly affected by the lack of water, and the volume of the rivers in that country is almost entirely dependent on the winter snowfall and its melting in the spring. The big fish did not ascend many of the rivers at all last summer. The smaller



ones, grilse and small salmon, can get up to the spawning-beds when the rivers are too low for the big fish to care to risk rubbing their scales off on the rocks and stones. The early part of the Norwegian winter did not seem at all as if Dr. Habenicht's

forecast was to be justified; but there is plenty of time yet, and the later weeks have gone far to endorse it. It is a forecast, based on the movements and presence of the Arctic ice, applying especially to Northern Continental Europe.

## THE NETHERBY EXPERIMENTS WITH WILD DUCKS.—I.

By J. G. MILLAIS.

ALTHOUGH the past fifty years have seen a greater advance in science than was believed to be possible, this is due more to the increase of wealth and the absence of internal and external wars than to the fact that man is necessarily cleverer than his predecessors. The brain power of certain individuals may or may not be greater; but in the arts of peace and general knowledge the men of to-day have had the advantage of studying the efforts of their fathers and grandfathers and, with increased wealth at command, of improving on them. It does not follow, however, that man as a whole is improving. On the contrary, what we may call excessive civilisation is somewhat curtailing his originality and rendering him liable to theories instead of to act. Thus we have thousands of theorists to one who has ideas and the power and determination to follow them out to their logical end. It is no matter whether the subject is the fate of empires or the raising of surface-feeding ducks, the question is the same. The man who will persevere at his work and triumph over obstacles after repeated failure, and at the same time be uninfluenced by the petty or discouraging opinions of others, is rare, and must indeed call for our admiration. He at least is original, and has found out something new. It may seem at first that this question of raising surface-feeding ducks is a small one and of no importance to anyone but the mere shooter; but before coming to such a conclusion I must ask the reader to defer his opinion until he comes to the end of these articles, for by that time I hope to have proved that Sir Richard Graham has solved the problem of the utilisation of certain waste spaces, and has shown the way to make them profitable; that is to say, where

water is available and a certain expenditure has been made. Like a great many other true sportsmen, Sir Richard Graham was from early youth a keen lover of the wild duck, and often spent the winter days of his youth in tramping the burns and ditch-sides in search of them. He preferred the one wild duck to the semi-domesticated pheasant, which, at the



W. A. Rouch.

ROADSIDE POND MADE IN 1907.

Copyright.

best, is only an expensive amusement for the exhibition of skill in shooting on a few occasions, and a worry both to the host and his keeper. Moreover, the woods at Netherby are very large and flat, and on the whole not very suitable for pheasants. Accordingly, he began in 1890 to experiment with duck by rearing 120 mallard under hens and turning them out to a pond

near the house of Netherby. The result as regards shooting was a dismal failure, as the birds refused to fly, and had not even the merit of the jovial Yorkshireman's rabbit, who was coerced into activity with the remark, "Get up, ye little devil, and jine in the sport." Thus ended experiment number one.

In 1894 Sir Richard turned his attention to rearing wild ducks under hens, placing them near the mouth of Carwinley Burn where it joins the river Esk. These ducks, to the number of 600, were fed higher up the burn, and flushed in small numbers on the day of the big shoot. They flew well, and the gun at the burn mouth killed 91 at his stand. Then, since the birds knew no country beyond the burn mouth, they circled round and came over the other guns, eventually settling again at the feeding-places and so affording several drives. The result of the day's shooting was 400 duck, and the experiment was voted a success, as 625 were killed in the season. More duck were brought up in 1895, and 799 were killed in three days' shooting and 1,093 in the season, the places of shooting being the Solway



W. A. Rouch.

THE DECOY POND.

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DUCK RISING.

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Moss, Red Bank (the burn mouth) and the upper part of Carwinley Burn, which is surrounded by a wood. Here the birds were fed into a pen and let out in small parties, which took their flight down the water. The birds in the pen acted as natural decoys, to which the duck that had already been flushed and shot at returned, and were again re-flushed. In 1896 the same methods were pursued and 2,317 duck were killed; 1898 may be said to mark the third stage in the proceedings, when Sir Richard tried for the first time the experiment of letting hand-reared wild ducks sit and hatch their own eggs and bring up their own young. Three areas—(1) on the edge of Solway Moss at the Gap Burn (2) the Carwinley Burn; (3) at the mouth of Carwinley Burn—were wired in against foxes to the area of 200 acres, and in each were placed cut-winged wild ducks to the number of 400 to 500, there being two drakes to every ten ducks. Each



W. A. Rouch.

SILVER HILL POND NUMBER 1.

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W. A. Rouch.

SILVER HILL POND NUMBER 2.

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enclosure was divided into four portions, and again into four more. In each pen a careful record of the sitting ducks was kept, and when at twenty-four days the eggs began to chip, the duck was taken off the nest and put in a coop with her own young ones, carried to the rearing-field and eventually to the ponds and streams. This experiment was only to try the wild duck as a mother, and it proved but a partial success, because the mothers themselves were hand-reared, therefore more or less useless. In addition, a number of duck were reared under hens. In 1899 these methods were further extended, and the enormous number of 5,532 were killed in the season, separate days at the three principal shooting-places totalling 407, 756, 849, 261, 543, 736, 315, 303, 80, 357, 341, 116 and 180 birds.

In 1900, 4,329 duck were killed, and in 1901, 4,233 were

bagged, in addition to 831 rock-pigeons. The latter bred more or less naturally on the rocky banks of the Carwinley Burn, and were trapped in small numbers at the same time that the duck were being driven, so that the shooters had the unique experience of a mixed duck and pigeon drive.

The year 1902 may be described as the great one, the six best days being as follows:

Date.	Beat.	Number of duck killed.
Oct. 14 ..	Red Bank and river ..	1,141
" 15 ..	Gap ..	1,195
" 16 ..	Carwinley Burn ..	1,250
Nov. 25 ..	Gap ..	464
" 26 ..	Carwinley Burn ..	801
" 27 ..	Red Bank and river ..	1,319

6,170

Sir Richard was now satisfied that a large stock of duck could be raised and shot by artificial methods, but he had found that the wild duck as a mother was no better than the foster-mother hen; accordingly, he looked for other means of

rearing ducks that were less artificial and more in accordance with Nature.

To most of us who love birds and wish to preserve them, it is obvious that first of all we must have (1) an area of ground or water suitable for their requirements : (2) perfect peace and

also a good feeding-ground, and so they in turn bring back fresh adherents until the decoy pond is too small to hold all the duck that come to it. This is what is called " obtaining a lead," and, once having established it, all that is necessary to further expansion is increased water area. In this manner it is obvious

that an enormous number of duck may be attracted for the small cost of the wages of two men, a moderate grain bill and the making of a few ponds at a cheap rate, provided the land employed is suitable ; that is to say, it must be more or less flat and surrounded with woods as wind shelter, for all ducks hate a draught, and there must be an abundant supply of water at hand and easy to conduct.

Sir Richard began work in 1904 by constructing a small decoy pond to catch ducks in a wood by the Solway Moss, through which flows a small stream known as the Gap burn. Here he made the mistake of digging out a deep pond, raising high banks and puddling the whole with clay. The success of this pond led Sir Richard to abandon the old artificial methods as well as to continue to shoot large bags of duck. Now he can give his friends a good day's shooting or an evening flight which may realise fifty to one hundred genuine wild duck, and catch for market over one thousand mallard every season ; and he has proved that the whole system is capable of great extension, for the reasons already given and another. Up to the present



W. A. Rouch.

THE CAULD OF THE YAP BURN POND.

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freedom from disturbance ; (3) abundance of food ; and (4) immunity from the attacks of man and vermin. If we have these essentials (and they are to be found everywhere), we can in time get almost any birds to stay and breed with us provided we start with a nucleus. A simple instance of this is the abundance of gulls, wood-pigeons and tufted ducks in the London parks to-day. More uncongenial or unattractive places it would be difficult to find a few years ago, and yet within these areas are now little enclosures, fenced off, where man cannot invade, and here these species (except the gulls) first bred, or had sanctuary, and found an abundance of food, which the Nature-loving public greatly supplements. When I was a boy it was impossible to see anything in the London parks but very dirty London sparrows ; but spring to-day in London is almost as pleasant as the country, with its beautiful gardens and its flocks of ducks, wood-pigeons and gulls, making life joyous with their happy calls.

Having selected the place you wish to make a bird sanctuary, the only difficulty is to get your first ducks to breed, and even that is not very hard when intelligence, backed by certain artificial aids, is brought to bear upon the subject. Now let us see how Sir Richard initiated, and has since developed, this idea at Netherby. One day he read in a book that no fewer than 16,800 wild-fowl had been taken on a single acre of water in England, situated in a favourable position (the Harwich decoy). If that could be done in one place, it might be done in another, and it was obvious that even comparative success would result in a very handsome profit. First of all it was necessary to make a decoy pond, place on it a nucleus of duck and feed heavily, so that the home-bred birds should know where food could always be obtained. This point is one of extreme importance, because owing to severe frosts the duck leave and repair to the seacoast, where they mix with their wild brethren. On a thaw taking place the home-bred birds return at once, or gradually, but always bring some of the true wild ones with them. The latter come and go, but they have discovered a place of rest which is

time all the ponds which have been constructed at Netherby have been made for the attraction of the various surface-feeding ducks, and not for shooting. When it is considered that there is a sufficiency of duck of all species, Sir Richard intends to make other lakes a mile away from the decoy ponds, where shooting can take place regularly. Such shooting as is now done is only occasional and experimental.

It is a truism that we only touch the very fringe of the great mass of duck that nightly passes over our heads during the early spring and autumn migrations. Unless a man is a very close observer of Nature, he has no conception of the tens of thousands of duck, plover, snipe and woodcock there are which pass over our sleeping land at certain seasons only looking for a place of



W. A. Rouch.

SLUICE FOR THE DECOY POND.

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rest. There are many small sheets of water, marsh and coppice which draw some of them down, and they may rest there a few hours, but few indeed are quite agreeable enough to hold them, and so they pass on at once. The great thing is to make these places suitable with a little care, and thus sanctuaries are formed.



Marshes and ponds could be formed in the very centre of England, Ireland and Scotland with every prospect of success in what the uninitiated would call very unfavourable situations, for duck and snipe will come year after year to the same place if the feed is there. As an example of this I may state that I have killed

ten couple of snipe and four ducks before breakfast in the Postle Marsh close to Maryhill Barracks, a noisome bog actually in the town of Glasgow itself. Mr. Rimington-Wilson shot seventeen and a-half couple of snipe in the same spot a few years before when the bog was larger.

(To be continued.)

## THE EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION TO THE SNOW MOUNTAINS OF NEW GUINEA.

### VIII.—FURTHER NEWS ABOUT THE PYGMIES.

A LONG letter written from Macassar, Celebes, by Mr. Walter Goodfellow on November 14th, 1910, tells us of the serious illness which obliged him to relinquish his post as leader of the expedition, but also conveys the welcome news that he is rapidly recovering his health. The severe form of malaria from which he has been suffering was no doubt first contracted at Wakatimi during the heavy flood encountered at the base camp on his return from the Aru Islands in the beginning of June. Though the camp is situated on the highest ground available, the floods were so great that the whole neighbourhood of the Mimika River was under water for a foot or more, the land being only distinguishable from the river by the line of jungle. From that date until he left New Guinea in the beginning of October the fever practically never left him, and it is evident that had he remained much longer in the country he would certainly have succumbed. As soon as he had recovered somewhat from his first attack, he moved up to Waitakwa, the highest camp near the mountains; but there the bouts of fever became steadily more frequent, and by the end of August his health was so broken that he returned to the base camp to await the incoming steamer, which was expected to call about September 10th. It did not arrive till October 4th, and during that weary interval of waiting he was attacked by a disease which, fortunately, rarely afflicts white men—the dreaded beri-beri, and lost all feeling in his legs and hands. Once on board the boat, however, he began to recover quickly, his splendid physique standing him in good stead. It took him a whole month to reach Macassar from the date of leaving the Mimika, for the boat had first to go East as far as Merawke, a Dutch station on the South Coast. The month at sea proved most beneficial to his health, and though by no means free from fever when he landed in Celebes, he had practically regained the use of his limbs, and the last report leads one to hope that his recovery will be a speedy one. At Macassar he was able to enlist fifty coolies, who were to leave for the Mimika by a boat sailing on November 30th, and we have reason to hope that they have long since joined the expedition. A cable from Singapore announced Mr. Goodfellow's arrival there on December 17th, and we trust that he will shortly arrive home safe and sound after his arduous labours in the cause of science.

We have to record yet another misfortune to the expedition. Mr. Shortridge has again been invalided, and is on his way home. It was hoped that his trip to New South Wales and the cure which he underwent there had entirely restored him to health; but no sooner had he landed again in New Guinea than he was once more attacked by fever. He has been suffering ever since, and it is believed that he left for home by the December boat. Since the end of August he has remained at the highest camp on the Waitakwa River, and has pluckily continued to collect specimens as long as he was able to do so. We are glad to be able to state, on the authority of Mr. Wollaston, that the other members of the expedition were all well at the end of October.

In an earlier letter, dated August 26th, Mr. Wollaston gives the following graphic description of the difficulties of the track which has been cut through the dense jungle with such infinite labour from Paramau (Toupoué) to the higher camp on the Waitakwa River, several days' march to the East: "The camp I am bound for is, as I said, three days from Paramau, but I have already been five days on the way and have still another day's march before me. At the first camping-place, an island in the middle of a river, I was nearly washed away by a flood, but, luckily, lost nothing of importance but one boot! The flood continued for three days, and I was unable to move, either backward or forward, rather alarming, as these rivers are very swift and rise incredibly rapidly. I have about twenty natives with me, as our coolies have dwindled down to nineteen, and those have gone down to Wakatimi to fetch up the stores. The natives threatened all the time to go back, leaving me and a Gurkha and precious loads, and it took all my patience and cajoling to persuade them to stop. The going is horribly bad. To-day I have crossed twenty-three rivers and streams of various sizes and swiftness. Some of them would have carried me off my feet and down to the sea, but for two stalwart natives holding me up. Between the rivers you are up to your knees in mud and constantly being tripped up by roots and creepers. It is beastly, but it brings one nearer to the mountains. The camp I am bound for is close to the foothills; from there we have to skirt the foothills eastward for about fifteen miles through this same kind of

country, and then strike into the mountains by the most likely looking valley. Before we reach this valley there will be many big rivers to be crossed, and that is absolutely impossible for us to attempt at present, with only a handful of coolies and when the wet season appears to be getting wetter and wetter."

Dr. Marshall writes: "The work of cutting a route eastward between the Waitakwa and Iwaka rivers has been immeasurably increased by these constant heavy rains and floods. It was necessary for the three Gurkhas to pitch their camp on the east bank of the river, so that the work might proceed unhindered by the adverse climatic conditions which prevailed. Rawling and I took turns day by day to supervise and direct the cutting of the road; but there were many days on which it was quite impossible to wade over even under favourable conditions. The water was waist-deep and extremely rapid, so that the utmost care had to be exercised to avoid a complete ducking. We had stretched a rope from one bank to the other, owing to the breadth, if was an extremely difficult matter to make a satisfactory job to it, and the next night's flood carried it away. Fortunately the river would fall nearly as rapidly as it rose, or we should never have been able to cross. Wading was always an unpleasant preliminary to a day of jungle work, for unless the initial start was made minus clothing, the remainder of the day was spent in dripping garments."

The last mail brings a long letter from Mr. Claude Grant, which contains further interesting notes about the pygmies, and shows that he has lost none of his old enthusiasm in the collecting



DR. ERIC MARSHALL.

MR. G. C. SHORTRIDGE.

CAPTAIN C. G. RAWLING.

field in spite of the great difficulties he has to contend with. Pending the final great effort to reach the Snows, which was to commence in December, he had formed a camp on the hills above Paramau (hitherto erroneously called Toupoué), and it is from there he writes:

"White Water Camp,  
Kapare or Abola River,  
20th October, 1910.

I arrived at Paramau on the 26th of August, and while there collected rather more than three hundred skins of birds. I also measured a few natives, both there and at Wakatimi.

I arrived at my present camp on the Kapare River on the 6th of October, this being the next river to the west of the Mimika, and so far the only place where any mountain species can be secured. On this range the pygmies have a clearing and village at an elevation of about 1,700ft.

My present camp is at 400ft.; but to-day I hope to move a little higher up, as eleven Papuans have arrived from Paramau under a Gurkha, and five of these have gone off this morning to see if they can find a place to pitch a camp; but everywhere the country is very steep.

I have got into touch with the pygmies, and have already secured measurements of eleven and have altogether seen eighteen men; but so far no women or children, though I have been to their village. Yesterday (28th October) was my last visit up there, and they were not nearly so friendly as on my previous visits. They refused to be photographed or to have their heights taken, though I was able to judge these more or less accurately as they stood beside men already measured.

At first they gave me to understand that they did not want me there, or my beads or cloth, and that I had better go back to Paramau; but afterwards I succeeded in getting some bows and arrows and bags from them. Finally they said they were all going further East, and that when I came again I should find no men, no women, no children; but they may have said this to deter me from going up again to their village.

They seem to be a much more independent tribe than the natives inhabiting the flats. I send the heights of the eleven I measured, and these show that Captain Rawling's original rough measurements were somewhat less than their actual height. There can be no doubt that they are of a different tribe to the Papuans and live entirely in the mountains, though they are on friendly terms with the men of the low ground, and trade them tobacco and probably other things. They may also occasionally intermarry with the Papuans, and this may account for the height of the pygmy measuring 155cm. Their dress, if it may be so called, is different to that of the low-ground Papuans. They all carry rope sacks; most of their arrows are different; they have fire-sticks and their houses are real houses, and not mere huts.

MOUNTAIN TRIBE.	NATIVES OF PARAMAU.	NATIVES OF WAKATIMI.
cm. mm.	cm. mm.	cm. mm.
155'4 (= about 5ft. 1½ in.)	163'5 (= about 5ft. 5 2-5 in.)	161'5 (= about 5ft. 4 3-5 in.)
148'9 (= about 4ft. 11½ in.)	160'3 159'8	161'4 160'3
148'7	158'0 (= about 5ft. 3 1-5 in.)	160'1 158'8
145'5		156'0
144'0		155'5
143'9		155'0
143'8		151'4 (= about 5ft. 1½ in.)
143'4		
138'5		
138'1		
136'2 (= about 4ft. 6½ in.)		

Seven more mountain men measured, roughly, as follows: One, 148'7cm.; the remaining six varied from 140cm. to 136cm. The ages varied from old men to men of about twenty years.

Up to date I have collected just over four hundred skins of birds, but good mammals are very scarce, and trapping does not yield even rats.

This is without question quite the most difficult country I have ever had the pleasure of collecting in, and the most terrible to move about in. I shall stay here till the end of November, by which time I hope to have secured many good birds, and I only wish the animals would come in as fast.

P.S.—The Gurkha, my Dyak collector and five Papuans have just returned. They found a place to pitch the camp about 400ft. higher up, but the Papuans have refused to move my baggage there, as the track is too bad and very steep. Two of them went through the pygmy village to see if the men would come down and move my camp, but they found two old men only, all the others, with their women and children, having departed; so they have acted on what they told me yesterday. The two old men told my Papuans that they did not like the

white man and his guns, and as he would not go back to Paramau they had all left the spot. This is a great pity, as it prevents my getting any more measurements or photographs, and I much wanted to have seen the women and children. I intend to visit the village again in a few days' time to see for myself if they have really gone, but I do not doubt it."

Writing from Paramau (Toupoué), on the Mimika River, Captain Rawling sends the following notes:

"9th October.—Everything is more or less at a standstill, as no coolies have yet arrived. We have now but twelve men, and are trying to keep the two collectors supplied with food at two different spots. The result is that the survey work is at a standstill, which is all the sadder as the weather has slightly improved. Goodfellow had to leave, very seedy and depressed. I hope that he will be able to get us the coolies, as next month we want to make our final effort to get nearer to the hills.

Wollaston reports that it is impossible to cross the Iwaka, our most easterly river, but as soon as coolies arrive we shall try and make our way up its banks. The natives have all disappeared, except the women and children. We are always expecting their return, but not a man turns up; consequently we are spending our time in felling trees. This has led to one result—a fine view of the nearest Snows. Carstensz Peak, the highest mass, still remains invisible.

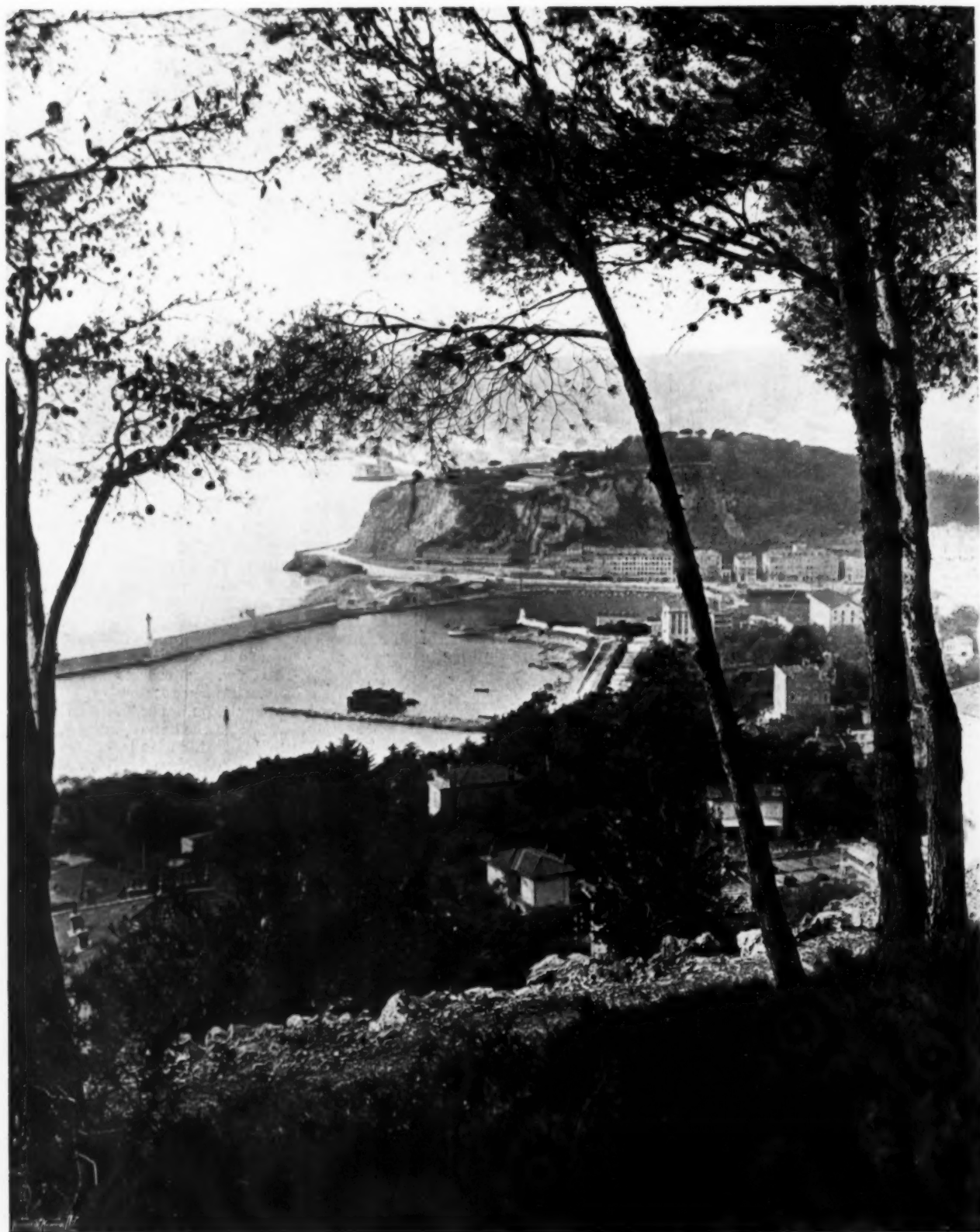
13th October.—There was another large flood last night, which has left our huts in a still more precarious condition. The native village has again, for the fourth time, been swept away, and where it once stood float ten or eleven overcrowded canoes. The night was made hideous with the shouts and screams of the natives, who from 2 a.m. have been making vain efforts to save their recently-acquired wealth and their lives at one and the same time. From early last night it has poured in torrents, coming down as I have never before seen it in this rain-sodden country. The river rose steadily and rapidly until it now stands about 6in. deep over the entire camp, which usually has 13ft. to spare, having risen 13ft. 6in. in six hours. As I now write, it swirls and eddies over the floor of my hut, and since 4.30 I have been paddling about the camp in waders. In the last few days an old fellow, one of the best men in the village, has been slowly dying from meningitis, and at frequent intervals a dozen or so of his friends and relatives have been sending up loud and discordant wails, the best method of hastening his end. For two days his grave has been ready dug at the far end of the village. The village has vanished, marked only by the wreckage of the huts, which is piled up against three or four tree trunks. The dawn was ushered in by a chorus of wailing commenced by the immediate relatives and at once taken up by the whole population. The old man died in the night, and his remains will be hawked about in a canoe until the water falls sufficiently to enable his friends to find a patch of jungle in which to bury him. We have been clearing acres of big trees away, and at last have seen the great mass of Carstensz; so when we get a clear morning the points will be fixed—a great thing done.

30th October.—The last tree was felled a month ago, and since then we have been waiting for one fine hour for the clouds to clear away in which to do our work. At daybreak, on some days, you can see the range for a few minutes, and then up roll the clouds and all is again obscured. We have had one fair view only in six weeks. As soon as goods can be collected and as soon as fresh coolies arrive, we shall start again, first to Waitakwa, then to the Iwaka River, from which place we make our final effort.

Wollaston, Marshall and I, with three or four Gurkhas and all the available coolies and natives, will push up the river, the first part, at any rate, being towards the Snows. Possibly we may be able to cut our way at the rate of about two miles a day, and if this can be maintained for twelve days, we shall be very close to the great mass of Carstensz. Nothing, however, can be settled till we hear how many coolies will arrive and when. We expect to leave Iwaka on December 25th.

Marshall and I have just returned from a seven days' trip carried out in order to find fresh pygmies and to get into the mountains. This is all the time that we could spare, as carriers are so scarce. Of the pygmies we saw nothing, only finding two or three of their huts. These men do not extend eastwards of the hills ahead of Paramau, and cannot be at all numerous. The weather has changed lately for the better; nevertheless, the hills are less visible than ever. We have, as luck would have it, pitched upon the very smallest of the rivers for our line of communications. Our huts are still standing, for we have fixed up a fine embankment of poles driven in and lashed back at the top. Wollaston, Marshall and I still keep fit. Nothing has surprised me more than that, but I am sorry to say that Shortridge is far from well and will have again to leave." Our next mails should contain important news. W. R. OGILVIE-GRANT.



*H. W. Nicholls.**UNDER A SOUTHERN SKY.*

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## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE PIPER PASSED BY.

BY

J. E. M. BARLOW.



**B**ALLYMAGUIRE  
CASTLE kept stern  
watch over the un-  
dulating country that rolled  
away from it into the blue

distance beyond. Grim and grey it looked, but for the heavier draping of the ivy that shrouded its rugged features, much as it had done in the days of the Tudors. Storm and battle had raged round it, Cromwell had threatened it, William of Orange had seriously meditated its destruction when it remained one of the last strongholds of the Jacobites, yet still it stood, proud and uncompromising, and still the house of a Maguire.

Up to this day the Maguires had never been misers. Saints, heroes, fools and sinners, they had lived their lives and gone their ways in a sufficiently free and open-handed fashion; loving their neighbours, or their neighbours' wives and daughters, as the case might be, with an airy grace; and not a soul among them counted avarice among his vices nor economy among his virtues until Giles became the owner of the castle.

He, when his young wife died leaving him a baby girl as a remembrance, shut his heart to love and happiness, locking it with a golden key that none had the power to turn. He bowed the knee to the Golden Calf, to the exclusion of all other idols, and his daughter counted for nothing in his life. Indeed, she would never have been reared at all but for the devotion of Ailsie Gollogher, who had accompanied her mother from her old home in the neighbouring county of Fermanagh.

Ailsie had been a most excellent foster-mother, tending her nursling like a young princess, loving her wisely and well and fighting for her rights with the careless father who appeared to grudge her the very breath of life. Ailsie had insisted on the child's being educated at a convent school, which, though cheap enough, was as good as many a more pretentious establishment. And Deborah was now a beautiful young woman, fresh and sweet and gay and busy as a bee among the balsams. Her learning was not deep, but she was a capable housewife and a practical gardener, and her lace-making was really a wonder of its kind.

It happened one day that she was sitting at work in the window seat of the kitchen, a pleasant, sunny room looking out on the courtyard round which the castle was built. Ailsie was away to Five Mile Town with a lace collar that might bring a substantial addition to the slender purse of the miser's daughter, which contained, indeed, at the moment one sad and solitary sixpence.

"I suppose," thought Deborah, "that my grandmother would turn in her grave if she guessed that a daughter of the Maguires could be so vulgar as to make lace for sale like any poor peasant girl. Even Ailsie is ashamed to admit that the work is mine, and passes it off as her own when she takes it to market. Well, well! I wonder what time she'll be back. It's a weary thing to sit here by myself wondering and supposing from morning till night!"

At this point in her meditations she was distracted by the droning of a bagpipe, and looking out she saw that a queer little man had come into the yard and, seated on an overturned bucket, was busily tuning his instrument. A queer little man in a tattered coat of russet brown, patched here with green and there with yellow, till he had all the appearance of an autumn leaf. His caubeen was set rakishly at the back of his head, and he looked a gay and careless soul, sitting there in the sunshine with Ailsie's chickens gathering round him for an audience.

"Chookies," said he, "shall I teach ye to sing? Ye'd make rare hands at it." And with that he began to sing to the soft droning of the pipes a queer song that Deborah remembered to have heard in the days of her earliest childhood. He sang in a soft, high voice to a quaint melancholy melody:

When I was a bhoys in me feyther's mud idifice  
Tinther an' bare, loike a pig in a sty,  
Out of the dure, as I gazed, wid a stiddy face,  
Who but the piper, Pat Murphy, came by?  
Ochone! How he'd handle the dhronc  
An' thince such sweet music he dhrew.  
He'd have melted the heart of a stone—Ochone!  
He'd have melted the heart of a stone.

"Why!" cried Deborah, delightedly, "it must be Pat Murphy himself! It's exactly as I always thought of him."

He meandered through the many verses of the old song, the ridiculous words with their oddly plaintive setting; and then he drifted in to a strange, suggestive fantasy full of the songs of birds, the whispering of the wind in the branches, the murmuring of trickling waters. Deborah thought of a stream that wandered down the glen of Altí Dhiáoul, secret and beautiful as some hidden source of happiness in a lonely life, she remembered a day when beside that stream Shane O'Brian had told her of his love.

"Honey," said the Piper, opening the door, "I've walked far the day, an' I'm as full of emptiness as a marrow is full of fatness."

"Come in," said Deborah, and hastened to set before him the small portion intended for her own midday meal.

The Piper thanked her kindly, and set to with a will.

"Tell me," said Deborah, "are you Pat Murphy?"

"Who else?" said the little man.

"Well, indeed," said Deborah. "If you had not been he I'd have taken you for a fairy, for it's true enough, you'd have melted the heart of a stone."

"There's no stone in your heart, Alannah," said the Piper. "But a heart that will pity the poor and be ready to relieve their distress."

Deborah laughed. "You should never be poor," said she. "With such music as yours you'd charm the money out of an empty purse." And taking up her own, she turned it upside down before him.

He caught the solitary sixpence as it rolled towards him. "A thousand blessings," said he. "And may it soon be as full as now 'tis empty. Let me tell ye, jewel, there's few besides my own people that can hear the sound of Pat Murphy's piping, an' to hear it brings luck and gladness galore."

"It's a joy to hear it," said Deborah; and the Piper took his leave with all possible ceremony.

As he went down the drive in the flickering shadow of the beech trees he met another man going up to the house. A tall, thin man, as shabby as himself, who had yet a certain melancholy pride of bearing. He eyed the Piper sourly, but the little man accosted him undaunted.

"Good day to ye, brother," said he. "There's no luck in the world these days, an' if ye've come beggin' from Miser Maguire I may save ye a bit of a thramp. Look at that now!" he said, producing sixpence. "That's all there was in it, an' sorra a halfpenny is there left since I made me bow."

The other man surveyed him grimly under a pair of beetling brows.

"There's one," continued the Piper, "has no sinse of the value of money. He hoards it as a wee chick of a child does pebbles, an' it's of no more use to him. Sure! money's like

wather—no good unless it runs freely, but some folk has quare notions!"

Still the tall man said nothing, though his cold, blue eyes glittered unpleasantly.

The Piper spun the sixpence in the air.

"I wudn't mind bettin'," said he, "that the day will come, and that before the first frost, that Maguire will take as much pleasure in a fallen leaf as he'd be takin' this minit in a pound note or even in a golden sovereign!"

"Ye damned impertinent little gommerel!" thundered the other. "That dare insult me to my face. Give me back that sixpence and be off with you before I crack your addle pate."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Piper. "That's a gran' lie, brother. What! a tatterdemalion old scarecrow like yerself purtendin' to be Maguire of Ballymaguire. Bedad! that's the likely story. Why! the coat on ye might have come out o' the Ark an' bin nothin' to boast of in the ancient, old times of the Flood."

"Fool!" roared Maguire, raising his stick. "I'll soon show you am I Maguire or not. Give me back my sixpence, and if ever you dare show your impudent face here again I'll skin ye alive and hang your hide to the nearest tree as a warning to other vermin. Give me the money!"

"Wid all the pleasure in life, yer honour!" cried the Piper, casting it at his feet. "And I'll wish ye no worse than a free hand in the spendin' of it."

Maguire stooped hastily to pick it up.

"And now," said he, "I'll give ye the best beating ever a man had." Again he raised his stick, but to his amazement and consternation the Piper was no longer to be seen. Aghast, he glared from side to side, he hunted madly behind the trees, among the bushes, but found neither sight nor sign of him, and assailed by sore misgivings he made his way up to the castle.

"And so," he snarled, glaring across the kitchen at Deborah, who was clearing away the remains of the Piper's meal. "So you give my money to beggars!"

"The money was none of yours, father," said his daughter, quietly. "And it's seldom enough that a beggar comes asking an alms to Ballymaguire."

"A plague on the whole of them," muttered the miser as he went his way to the cheerless temple where he paid his daily devotions to the Golden God.

It was past five o'clock when Ailsie came back from her expedition, and Deborah had the teapot on the hob for her, with its contents stewed to that pernicious strength that delights the heart of her kind.

"I'm just droppin', acushla," said she, "for a taste of tay. What wid the bargainin' an' the chatterin' I'm as dhry as last year's hay, an' I sold the bit of a collar to Mrs. Montgomerie herself, no less, that I met goin' into the town."

Deborah kissed the old woman's pink cheeks and helped her off with her shawl.

"Clever old Ailsie," she said, smiling into a pair of shrewd blue eyes as bright as her own. "And what was the price of it?"

"I asked a guinea on it," said Ailsie, triumphantly. "An' she said it was worth more than double. Sure she's a rale lady, an' knows what's what."

"I'm quite rich, then," said Deborah, gaily. "Sit down to your tea and tell me all the news of the fair."

"Twas a right good fair," said Ailsie. "Paddy James sold the curly-faced mare for more than ever she was worth, an' if it wasn't that he'd joined the 'Catch me Pals' no more than last Monda' he'd have been afther dhrinkin' the says dhry. As it was he was just as cross as Old Nick himself, but had never a dhrop taken."

"Isn't that good?" said Deborah.

"Honey," said Ailsie, stirring her tea with a spoon and an air of supreme content. "I've grate news for yerself."

Deborah's eyes glowed, and her lips parted in expectation.

"As I was sittin' colloquin' wid Mary Henessy who should come upon us but Mr. Shane himself. 'Ailsie,' says he, takin' me by the hand, for he's ever a plain gentleman, 'a word wid ye.' So he tuk me a piece up the road. 'Is all well,' says he, 'wid Miss Deborah?' 'She's gran', says I. 'Bless her,' says he. 'Ailsie, I've got an appointment that'll be bringin' me in three hundred a year, an' I'll be up at the castle to-morra to speak to Maguire.'"

Deborah flushed and paled and looked half terrified, half joyful.

"Oh! Ailsie dear!" cried she. "What will my father say to him?"

"What wud he be sayin'?" asked Ailsie, defiantly. "The O'Briens is good people an' it wouldn't be the first time they've married on the Maguires."

Deborah sighed.

"It's not that he'll be thinking of," said she. "But three hundred a year is not very rich, is it, Ailsie? And he counts everything in pounds, shillings and pence."

Deborah lay awake that night, but her waking dreams were sweet. Next morning she had hardly stepped out to feed the chickens when Shane O'Brien marched into the courtyard. A fine handsome fellow, straight and tall, with short curly hair and a smile like the sunshine.

"Deborah dear!" said he. "Will you marry an honest, poor man?"

"What!" cried Deborah. "Are you talking of poor men, and you with three hundred a year?"

"You darling!" whispered Shane. "You'll marry me, Deb, whatever your father says, won't you?"

"Will I?" said Deborah, teasing, and trying to keep him at a respectful distance. "Well, enough for one is enough for two, and if you can live on it, so can I."

The respectful distance became a thing of the past.

"Childer," said Ailsie, looking out on them. "Honey is sweet but it's best spread on bread. There's Himself can give ye the best of bread if we get the soft side of him. Go in to him now, the pair of yez, where he's smokin' his pipe afther breakfast. I'm thinkin' ye might have a chanst."

Shane saw no special point in the curtailment of a pleasant interview for the sake of one only too likely to prove the reverse. However, as Ailsie was insistent, he presently found himself on his way, with Deborah's hand tight clasped in his to give him confidence.

"He'll think me the most impudent fellow in Ulster," said he, ruefully.

"Well," said Ailsie, who accompanied them with the persuasion that her interference would certainly be called for. "Remember ye're an O'Brien, an' stan' up to him."

Maguire slowly removed the pipe from his mouth when he found his solitude invaded, and raised his eyebrows with a supercilious and sarcastic air.

Shane felt his wits deserting him.

"Sir," said he, plunging into the breach, "I want to marry your daughter."

"Indeed?" said Maguire, dryly.

"We love each other," said Shane, desperately.

"So I suppose."

"I hope that you have no objection?"

"Not at all," said Maguire, agreeably. "I presume that you can support her."

"I have an appointment at Woolwich that gives me three hundred a year," said O'Brien, a little nervously. "It is not much, of course! But—"

"But," said Ailsie, cheerfully, "wid what ye'll be givin' her, Miss Deborah 'll do fine."

"I shouldn't be coontin' on that," observed Maguire, taking another whiff at his briar. "If Deborah wishes to marry a pauper I shall not stretch out a finger to prevent her, though I may think it bad taste on her part; but I shall not consider myself bound to make things easy for her. If you want the girl, O'Brien, there she is! But if it's the money you're after—well! as I said, I shouldn't be counting on that."

"I'll take her without a farthing," cried Shane, hotly.

"And think myself the luckiest man in the world."

"Father," said Deborah, reproachfully, "you surely won't let your daughter go empty-handed?"

"Begorra!" cried Ailsie. "There'd be grate clackin' over Miss Deborah's dowry. For the pride of the Maguires ye'll put yer han' in yer pocket this once!"

"On the contrary," said Maguire, smiling grimly. "It's my pride I'll put in my pocket."

"Sir," said Ailsie, sorrowfully, "the gold is nothin' but a curse. It's barrin' the way to Heaven for ye, that might be buildin' stairs to the Mercy Seat."

"Deborah," said Maguire, "on second thoughts, and in order to give the lie to those chattering fools who will say I never gave you a penny, if you fetch me your purse I'll fill it for you."

Deborah drew from her pocket a little knitted purse of crimson silk that looked as though it might at a pinch hold ten pounds; an old-fashioned thing with a slit in the middle of it and two steel rings.

Maguire got up from his chair and went across to a heavy chest that stood near the window. Taking a key from his watch chain he unlocked a drawer and produced a canvas bag full of silver.

Ailsie groaned.

"Wud yer grudge her gold wid a wee purse the size of a bee's honey bag?" said she.

But Maguire began dropping the coins into the little silken purse, shillings, sixpences, crowns and half-crowns clinking and jingling one on top of the other; in they tumbled, until the canvas bag was empty and yet the purse was not half full. Maguire said nothing, but produced a second bag, and again the money showered out in a silver stream and the purse remained lean and hungry.



Ailsie crossed herself, Shane looked thunderstruck.

"What sort of a purse is this," said Maguire, angrily, "that swallows money as a drunkard swills ale?"

And Deborah heard through the open window a distant sound of the piping of "Pat Murphy."

A third bag sacrificed its precious store, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth! Silver, copper, gold and notes were stuffed into the fatal purse that neither bulged nor grew an ounce the heavier.

Maguire's face was white and set, and madness gained upon him as he worked with feverish energy to satisfy that gaping maw.

"Father! Father!" cried Deborah. "Stop! I beseech you. There's magic in it."

But though they besought him, the miser continued his desperate task with frenzied vigour.

"Let me alone!" he cried, when they would have prevented him. "I'll make good my word."

Hour after hour went by, and not until the last of all his hoarded wealth had found its way into the purse did it swell

to its proper proportions, and even then, to look at it, no one would have imagined that it contained more than ten pounds at most.

And, with his wealth, the miser's wits took leave of him. Never from that moment was Maguire to be counted among reasonable beings. Shane and Deborah made generous provision for him, and Ailsie tended him as she might have done some ailing child; but, with the fall of the leaf, when the winds of October wrought havoc on the painted glories of the beeches, the unlucky man spent all his days catching, gathering and sweeping up the fairy gold and burying it in secret spots deep in the woods, and under the roots of the trees.

"'Tis a pity for him," said Ailsie, watching him as she sat at work on Deborah's wedding gown. "But the dear knows he's every mite as happy now as when the money was his to spend or to spare, an' to my thinkin' he's as wise a man now as he was in those days."

And there may have been truth in the saying.

## LION-HUNTING AT THE WELLS OF GEBILI.—I.

IN the course of a shooting trip in Somaliland we arrived at the Wells of Gebili. This was the only watering-place for miles; in fact, when we left it we had a ninety-mile journey before coming to the next water. In our previous camp, twenty-five miles off, we had to send in camels for water every four days. One can hardly imagine the possibility of people living and thriving under the conditions of the Somalis. During the dry season they keep their immense herds of camels, sheep, goats and some cattle where there is grass. Needless to say, with only one watering-place in the district, the grass is eaten up within twenty miles of the wells. They have, therefore, to live entirely twenty miles at least, probably often forty, from water. They water their camels every fifteen or often more days, the sheep and goats every ten, the cattle every three. They send in every few days camels loaded with "hans," which are wooden vessels encased in wooden baskets, to fetch

water for their own needs. Consequently the sight which greeted us on the Gebili was a most striking one. Every few yards is a well—merely a hole in the sandy river-bed—in which one man stands ankle deep in water and throws up a wicker bowl which he has filled with water to another man who catches it. If the well is deep it is passed through two or three hands. At the top it is emptied into a skin laid nearly flat and kept up at the sides with wooden contrivances. At these all the beasts drink, and as we came down the river the whole place looked like a fair of camels, sheep, goats and cattle. The sheep especially add to the beauty of the scene, showing up very finely against the other dull-coloured beasts, with their pure white bodies and black heads. They were literally in thousands, and as one lot got away other lots would be streaming down from the bush on either side for their turn. So the thousands we saw would probably be replaced by thousands more several times a day, and each day a different lot would come down, so that the number of Somali stock drinking from these wells must run into astounding figures. We had heard great reports of lions. There was no grass, and as there was no game, all the lions had to live on was the stock passing for water. We were just starting off for the march to the wells when a native came and said two lions had been making a noise all night near his village. We found the tracks; they took us to another village, where the two lionesses (as they appeared to be by the track) had walked right along the thorn fence of the village, and evidently had only failed to jump in owing to their being no stock there. Tracking on further, we came upon hundreds

of huge vultures, which rose reluctantly as we approached and exposed to view a horse with its ribs picked nearly bare. It had holes in the neck which proved it had been killed by a lion, even if the tracks had not shown it. The shikaris declared that it would be bad policy to follow the lions, as we should be unlikely to see them in the thick bush they infested, and would frighten them away, so the best course seemed to make a zariba beside the carcass. We accordingly decided on this and tossed for the zariba. I won, and left Elme, my shikari, to prepare a zariba. We went on to the river, where B. had a zariba built also. According to report several lions from either side came. The Gebili is a dry river-bed running between rocky and sandy hills and often steep banks. The only thing growing except the usual few thorn trees is a cactus-like bush, bright green, with no foliage at all, but a sort of fleshy branches as thick as one's finger, like long, thin branching sticks of asparagus with no tips, the whole a

cross between a giant lavender hedge and thick gorse. It is known as irgin. The ubiquitous pinky cactus is also present. The hills on either side are low, very sparsely bushed and stony. We left camp about half-past three for the zariba which Elme had meanwhile prepared and reached it about five, so it must have been five or six miles off. The carcass was tied in between the zariba and the donkey, which I think may have seemed rather



A MAGNIFICENT MANED LION.

suspicious to the beasts. About ten o'clock they came. We had had several previous alarms, hyenas dashing past at a gallop and making all sorts of horrible noises, presumably to frighten the donkey off the horse's carcass; we had to throw sticks at them to keep them away. The first inkling was a sort of grunt the lion gives, as much as to say, "Now I'm coming," and then a rush, at which the donkey struggled, then two or three more rushes, all undecided, then silence. But we could hear a lion on either side breathing within a few yards of us. The brutes had evidently smelt a rat or a high Somali, and could not make up their minds to attack in earnest. There were four men in with me. I don't know why; but I think it was because they had brought my blankets, etc., and the donkey six miles and funk'd going back. After about an hour of tense expectation one of the Somalis coughed. I knew at once it was all up, and after a little snuffing all was still once more and the donkey resumed its grazing contentedly. We heard the lions around again, but always at a respectable distance. In the morning we looked at the tracks. One had charged the donkey to within four yards, and the two had then laid down on either side of the zariba and waited there till the





FILLING TROUGHS AND WATER-POTS.

moment the Somali coughed, when they got up and smelt all round the zariba and decamped. Besides these we heard one or two other lions in the distance.

The camels had been sent back to graze twenty miles away, and we lived by the water, having grass sent in for the horses every few days. After a huge breakfast of porridge, bacon and camel's hump, I was sitting writing when a Somali came in to say he had seen two lions close by. At once everything was commotion, men rushing off to catch the horses, everyone wanting to come, seeing to the guns and the sufficiency of cartridges. We then raced up the sandy river-bed, the horses catching us up at a gallop amid clouds of sand, their nearly naked riders brandishing each a spear and a whip. We then ascended a steep incline on to a plateau of bush, with sandy soil. We soon found the tracks, which went through flocks of sheep, and Somali women, quite unarmed and unalarmed, confessed to having seen a lion pass just before. The tracking at first was pretty easy and the wind good. Whenever we



AT THE WELLS.



SHEEP TO BE WATERED.

came to a bit of the irrigin cactus bush, which grows here and there in dense patches, we had a drive, Elme, my shikari, and I going ahead and posting ourselves at the probable exit. From one patch out came a young lion only about half the size of a leopard, so I did not shoot it. It looked just like a puma, being very dark in colour. After about two hours the wind had changed, and we found the lion had run. However, on we went again, but kept losing the spoor, until all the men got sick of it, with the wind wrong and no tracks to be found, and sat down, with the exception of Elme, who still searched diligently for the tracks. We had now been about four hours in the heat, and I was feeling pretty well fagged after a sleepless night in the zariba; so thinking this was the end of all things, I left Elme searching, and went forward about two hundred yards alone to try one or two pieces of bush. Just when I was away, Elme, who had found the track going off at right angles, came on the lions, a well

grown, maned lion and lioness, who, of course, made off. The horses were at once requisitioned and the lions were located in a piece of dense irrigin about thirty yards square. We arranged a drive, and it seemed the lions must come out where I was; but they sneaked out at the side, and the horsemen being a set of "rotters," we never came on them again. After tracking them a long way, we went back to camp thoroughly tired out. B. had gone out after klipspringer down the river, and had spooed a big lion a long way, but had not found it. He sat up, but nothing came. I was quite satisfied with a bed. We sent out four men for news the next morning at six o'clock, and had a slack morning awaiting eventualities. Next day but one Elme had fever, so when the men came in and reported a lion track I had to go out with four camel-men. He was a large lion and he had passed my zariba the night before. He must have been a very heavy one, as his track was much more easy to follow than the two I had been after two days before.

Meanwhile B. had taken a small camp down the river to try after the big lion. We followed the track of the lion for about five or six miles, the tracking being quite easy; but Elme was ill in camp, and the men, though good at following a spoor, were not professional trackers, and consequently overran the spoor, and finally lost it. It was, perhaps, as well we did, as it seems probable we should have come on the skinned carcass of the lion about three miles further on. For when I got back to camp I found B. had returned, and he greeted me with the news that he had killed the big lion. He had got back about an hour before and the beast was being prepared for pegging out. I have never seen anything on a wild lion like the mane this one carried, dense, long black hair, a bit yellow round the face. It is as good as some of the Zoo lions. He told me how it happened. Haid, his shikari, by some great piece of genius, had decided the beast must for some reason or other have gone to another river, as nothing had been heard of it in the night, and, having gone over some rough, stony hills, they heard from a Somali that a big lion had drunk at a well higher up. They found the spoor, evidently the same big one as they had been after before, and it took them to a patch of irrigin bush close to the river-bed. Here was a likely spot, so the second shikari and the syce were sent round to the back to throw stones into it. B. and Haid remained on the near side. Nothing happened, and Dualla (B.'s second shikari) actually went clean through the bush, stamping and shouting. Haid had previously told B. that the old lions often refused to move, so he then went to have a look in person and made a careful detour of the bushes, and triumphantly proclaimed that there were no tracks leading out, so the lion must be inside. They then set light to the dead

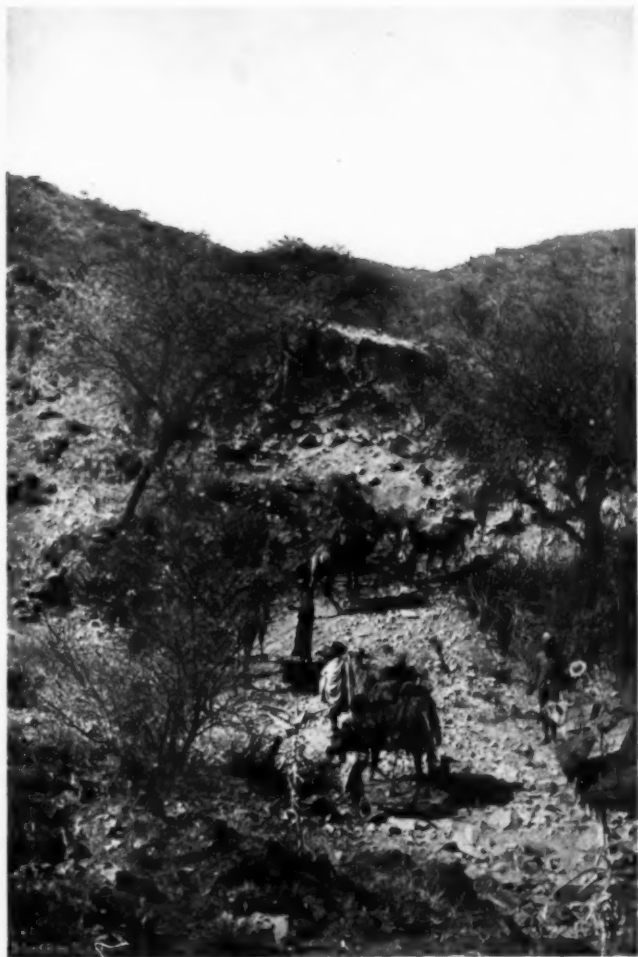
the lion had come sneaking out, but had gone in again. The only thing left to be done was to command all possible places of exit, and this they proceeded to do. Suddenly out came a huge lion, very fat and heavy, at a clumsy canter, and not



A VULTURE.

looking round or seeming to realise the presence of his enemy, man. B. had a shot at him at thirty yards to thirty-five yards with the 577 Axite and knocked him over. He had got him through the shoulder, low down, the bullet going clean through and breaking the far fore leg at its exit. The lion got up, however, and, growling, went into the densest bit of bush he could find, having first tried to charge Dualla and the syce, who promptly climbed trees, from which they kept up a tremendous howling. This, perhaps, engaged the lion's attention, for he did not attempt to resent B.'s approach. B. could only see bits of him and had to be content with plugging away at what he could see. At length, however, after a careful detour and approach, they satisfied themselves that he was dead and went in boldly. He was so heavy that they could hardly move him to take a photograph and had to skin him as he lay. They commandeered a camel on the way back, which objected very strongly to its burden. According to the two gun-bearers, it was the very beast I was after, and the place where I lost the tracks and the place where B. shot it were quite near. It would have been most disgusting to successfully track the beast and find a carcass.

F. RUSSELL ROBERTS.



HARD GOING FOR CAMELS.

cactus, which is generally found at the bottom of the green stuff, and soon a decent fire was blazing at one end. Haid suddenly began gesticulating violently and B. at once made out that he had seen the lion. Running to the place, Haid told B.

## SONG.

All the world a lover loves,  
Fifty thousand miles of it,  
Sunny seas and silver mines,  
And continents of corn,  
Grapes upon the mountain side,  
Fifty thousand tons of them,  
All the world a lover loves  
Yet leaves forlorn.

All the world a lover loves,  
Soldiermen and sailormen,  
All the girls that arm in arm  
Go dancing down the quay.  
All the merry market dames  
That come to port on Saturdays,  
All the world a lover loves,  
Yet what cares he?

All the world a lover loves,  
Yet what's it all but emptiness.  
Spinning down its starry way  
Behind its flaming sun,  
Just a little dusty ball  
Dancing down to emptiness,  
If all the world a lover loves  
But one, dear, one?

H. H. BASHFORD.



# ARCTIC ADVENTURE 300 YEARS AGO.

**J**UST at this time, when men's thoughts are much directed to Polar exploration, whether North or South, it seems interesting to look back on the earliest voyage recorded at any length which led to its adventurer's detention in the winter ice. This was that expedition in which died William Barents, pilot of the ship, who gave his name both to Barents Land which forms part of Nova Zembla and also to that more northern Barents Island under Spitzbergen. The account of their voyage and hibernation is written by Gerart de Veer, who was

one of the party, and is published, in the English translation, in "Purchas, His Pilgrimes."

The voyage was commenced from Amsterdam, on May 10th, 1596. As for its object, it was that which was common to a good many of the adventurous enterprises of that date—to discover that North-West Passage to those countries of opulence, Cathay and China, which was firmly believed to exist, by no man with a more steadfast faith than Barents himself, and which when ultimately discovered was known by the name of Behring's Strait, although another than Behring seems to have been the first of Western men to sail through it, several years before him. Two ships started on that date from Amsterdam on this errand; but whereas the captain of the one believed that he was more likely to make good his endeavour by sailing more directly northward than seemed best to the pilot of the other, that is to say, Barents, the latter ship broke company from the other and went further westward. After much sailing back and forth, in consequence of the impediment of the ice, they

were driven at last to a final halt just a little south of the north-west corner of Nova Zembla, and it was there that the dramatic and tragic scenes of the ensuing winter were enacted.

Now as to the character of the ship in which they made their venture and were finally enclosed in the ice, I take it to have been one of some forty to fifty tons. I cannot find that this is anywhere related; but, on the other hand, it is an inference that may be made with some probability from the number of the crew, namely, eighteen, apparently, at the start. From this, taking the standard of the crews of ships of the time, we are led to suppose the tonnage of the ship to be as stated. She was not otherwise "found" than were the ordinary vessels which went forth into these seas, whether for discovery or for the killing of whales or morses, as they called the walrus, for there was no anticipation that she would be required to withstand the rigours to which she was subjected in the event. Leaving the story of their goings to and fro, we may come practically to the point at which they found themselves finally ice-bound, as told by the narrator in the following words: "The next day" (that is to say, August 24th) "it blew hard North, North-West, and the ice came mightily driving in, whereby we were in a manner compassed about therewith, and withal the wind began more and more to rise, and the ice still drove harder and harder, so that the pin of the rudder and the rudder were shorn in pieces and our boat was shorn in pieces between the ship and the ice, we expecting nothing else than that the ship also would be pressed and crushed in pieces with the ice."

They escaped that danger, and, the ice shifting a little, tried to make some way through it on the following days, but without much effect, and then, on the 27th, "the ice came up with great force before the bow, and drove the ship up four feet high before." After that they had continual stormy weather and trouble and peril till September 4th, when "the weather began to clear up, and we saw the sun, but it was very cold, the wind being North-East and we being forced to lie still. The fifth it was sunshine weather, and very calm, and at evening, when we had supped, the ice compassed us about again, and we were hard enclosed therewith, the ship beginning to lie upon the one side, and leaked sore; but by God's grace it became staunch again, wherewith we were wholly in fear to lose the ship, it was in so great danger. At which time we took counsel together and carried our old sock sail, with powder, lead, pieces, muskets and other furniture on land, to make a tent about our scute (large boat) that we had drawn upon the land, and at that time we carried some bread and wine on land also, with some timber wherewith to mend our boat, that it might serve us in time of need." A week later we have him writing, "We found an unexpected comfort in our need, which was that we found certain trees, roots and all, which had been driven upon the shore, either from Tartaria, Muscovia, or elsewhere, for there was none growing upon that land, wherewith (as if God had purposely sent them unto us) we were much comforted, being in good hope that God would show us some further favour; for that wood served us not only to build our house, but also to burn, and served us all the winter long; otherwise, without all doubt, we had died there miserably with extreme cold." On the 26th he writes that they "were busy about the house, as then we were sixteen men in all, for our carpenter was dead, and of our sixteen men there was still one or other sick. The seven and twentieth it blew hard North-East, and it froze so hard that as we put a nail into our mouths (as when men work carpenter's work they use to do) there would ice hang thereon when we took it out again and made the blood follow." "The second of October, before noon, the sun shone, and after noon it was cloudy again, and it snowed, but the weather was still, the wind being North, and then South, and we set up our house, and upon it we placed a Maypole made of frozen snow." It was not, however, till the twenty-fourth that all betook themselves to the now finished house. Under that date he says, "The rest of our men, being eight persons, came to the house, and drew the sick man upon a sled, and then with great labour and pain we drew our boat home to our house and turned the bottom of it upwards; that when time served us (if God saved our lives in the winter time) we might use it."

The narrator does not go into any particulars about the size of the house, but it must have had some space if it accommodated sixteen of them. Moreover, he speaks of each of them having his "cabin," by which he probably means what we should term his bunk or sleeping cupboard. Probably it was not very "artificially" built, as they would have called it, for the carpenter, as we know, had died, and at the first they do not seem to have provided any chimney. During the building they were much bothered by the attacks of the Polar bears; on which, however, they took plenty of vengeance, killing several and finding good use of them, both of their flesh for food and their fat for grease for the lamps. The bears came about the house all the while that the sun showed at all above the horizon, but as soon as the perpetual night began the bears left them and the Arctic foxes came in their stead. The trapping of these was a constant interest for them when they could get out. The author says, October 26th, "That day our men killed a white fox, which they flayed and after they had roasted it, ate thereof, which tasted like conies' flesh." . . . November the second, the wind blew west and that day we saw the sun rise South, South-East, and it went down South, South-West, but was not full above the earth, but passed on the horizon along by the earth, and the same day one of our men killed a fox with a hatchet, which was flayed, roasted and ate. Before

472  
A Whale is ordinarily about 60 foote longe



When the whale comes above water & shallow rowes towards him and being within reach of him the harpooner darts his harpingoon at him out of both his hands and being fast they lance him to death



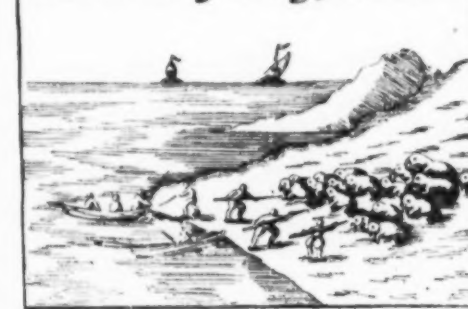
The whale is cut up as hee lyes floating crosse the streame of a shipp the blubber is cut from the flesh by peeces 7 or 8 foote long and being flayed is rowed on shore towards the coggers



They place 2. or 3. coggers on a rve and 5 chopping boat on the one side and the cooling boate on the other side to receive the oyle of the coggers, the chopt blubber being boyled is taken out of the coggers and put in whele baskets or barrowes & through the oyle is dreaned and runes into cooler & is full of water out of it is conveyed by troughs into butts of the shallops



The manner of killing & Seamorces





the sun began to decline we saw no foxes, and then the bears used to go from us." That is to say, they saw no more bears from November 3rd, on which day they lost the sun altogether, until after its reappearance on January 24th. In the meantime they had endured very great privation and suffering, of which the following extract may give some notion: "The eighteenth" (November) "it was foul weather, the wind South-East. Then the Master cut up a pack of coarse clothes, and divided it amongst our men that needed it, therewith to defend us better from the cold. The nineteenth it was still foul weather, with an East wind, and then the chest with linen was opened and divided amongst the men for shifts, for they had need of them, for then our only care was to find all the means we could to defend our bodies from the cold.

"The twentieth, it was still fair weather, the wind easterly. Then we washed our sheets, but it was so cold that when we had washed and wrung them, they presently froze so stiff that, although we laid them by a great fire, the side that lay next to the fire thawed, but the other side was hard frozen, so that we should sooner have torn them in sunder than have opened them, whereby we were forced to put them into the seething water again to thaw them, it was so exceeding cold.

"The one and twentieth it was indifferent weather, with a North-West wind. Then we agreed that every man should take it in turn to cleave wood, thereby to ease our cook that had more than work enough to do twice a day to dress meat and to melt snow for our drink. But our Master and the Pilot were exempted from that work.

"The two and twentieth the wind was South-East; it was fair weather. Then we had but seventeen cheeses, whereof one we eat amongst us, and the rest were divided, to every man for his portion, which they might eat when he list.

"The three and twentieth it was indifferent good weather, the wind South-East. As we perceived that the fox were used to come oftener and more than they were wont, to take them the better we made certain traps of thick planks, whereon we laid stones and round about them placed pieces of shard fast in the ground, that they might not dig under them, and so got some foxes."

So the tale goes on. The reader should go to the great original. Here is another extract:

"The first of December it was foul weather, with a South-West wind and great store of snow, whereby we were once again stopped up in the house, and by that means there was so great a smoke in the house that we could hardly make fire and so were forced to lie all day in our cabins, but the cook was forced to make fire to dress our meat.

"The second it was still foul weather, whereby we were forced to keep still in the house, and yet we could hardly sit by the fire, because of the smoke, and therefore stayed still in our cabins, and then we heated stones, which we put in our cabins to warm our feet, for that both the cold and snow were insupportable.

"The third we had the like weather, at which time, as we lay in our cabins we might hear the ice crack in the sea, and yet it was at least half a mile from us, which made a huge noise.

It froze so sore within the house that the walls and the roof thereof were frozen two fingers thick with ice, and also in our cabins where we lay all these three days while we could not go out by reason of the foul weather. We set up the glass of twelve hours, and when it was run out we set it up again, still watching it lest we should miss our time, for the cold was so great that our clock was frozen and might not go, although we hung more weight on it than before."

After that the weather moderated a little, and they were able to clear the snow from the doors and remedy insanitary conditions, which seem to have been very terrible, and to set their traps for foxes, which they came to regard as "venison." For light they had bear's fat for the lamps, so long as it lasted, but they had some cruel weeks to endure still before the sun reappeared, and the bears with it. On December 10th the narrator states that their "vic-tuals began to be scant." On the following day he writes, "it was fair weather, and a clear air, but very cold, which he that felt not would not believe, for our shoes froze as hard as horns upon our feet, and within they were white frozen, so that we could not wear shoes, but were forced to make great pattens, the upper part being sheep skins, which we put on over three or four pairs of socks, and we went in them to keep our feet warm." Under date 27th, he writes, "Within the house it was so extreme cold that as we sat before a great fire and seemed to burn on the fore side, we froze behind, at our backs, and were all white, as the countrymen use to be when they come in at the gates of the town in Holland with their sleds, and have gone all night." So it went on, past Twelfth Night, when they had a feast. "So that night we made merry, and drunk to the three Kings, and therewith we had two pound of meal, whereof we made pancakes, with oil, and every man a white biscuit, which we sopped in wine, and so, supposing that we were in our own country and amongst our friends, it comforted us as well as if we had made a great banquet in our own house; and we also made tickets, and our gunner was king of Nova Zembla, which is at least two hundred miles long and lieth between two seas."

On January 24th came the first gleam to brighten their life, yet it seems that it was almost too good to believe and they hardly dared credit it. "It was fair clear weather," says the writer, "with a West wind. Then I and Jacob Heemskerke and another with us went to the sea side, on the south side of Nova Zembla, where, contrary to our expectation, I first saw the edge of the sun, wherewith we went speedily home again, to tell William Barents, and the rest of our companions, that joyful news; but William Barents, being a wise and well experienced pilot, would

not believe it, esteeming it to be about fourteen days too soon for the sun to shine in that part of the world, but we earnestly affirmed the contrary and said that we had seen the sun."

Very little has been said of much sickness amongst them, though mention occurs of it now and again. The great reserve of the chronicle is one of the merits that brings its truth home to us so forcibly. But on the 25th the story is told, still with a very simple brevity, of the only death, miraculous as it seems, that happened in the dark house itself. "That evening the sick man that was amongst us was very weak and felt himself to be extreme sick, for he had lain long time, and we comforted him as best we might, and gave him the best admonition that we could, but he died not long after mid-

night." When April came, the cold appears to have moderated a little, and all through May they were in active preparation for departure, all very weak, as was only natural, and hardly able for the work they had to do in getting ready their "scute," which was but a big open boat. Their provisions were running short, but now they succeeded in killing a bear now and then to fill the larder. It was not until June 24th that they were finally able to get away. Even then, before getting quit of the ice, they had great hardships and dangers, hauling the scute and boat at times over the floating ice, then launching her again and going through numberless vicissitudes too long to recount. It was in this terrible voyage that the gallant pilot, William Barents, succumbed, he, apparently, being the only victim. They killed sea-birds and found their eggs on various islands as they worked their way down.

Below St. Laurence Bay they found two small Russian ships on July 28th, and these were the first human beings they encountered since parting with the ship of Cornelison, in company of which they had set out.

*The Seamore is in quantity as big as an oxe*



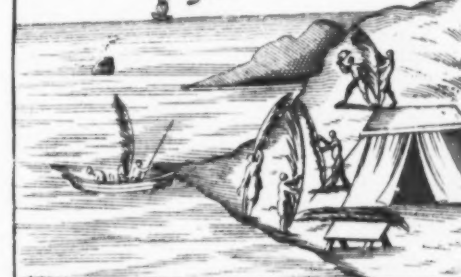
*When the whale is killed hee is in this manner towed to the ships by two or three shallops made fast one to another.*



*The peeces of blubber are towed to the shore side by a shallop and drawne on shore by a crane or caried by two men on a barrowe to two cutters who cutt them the breadth of a trencher and very thine by two boys are caried to handbooks by two choppers*

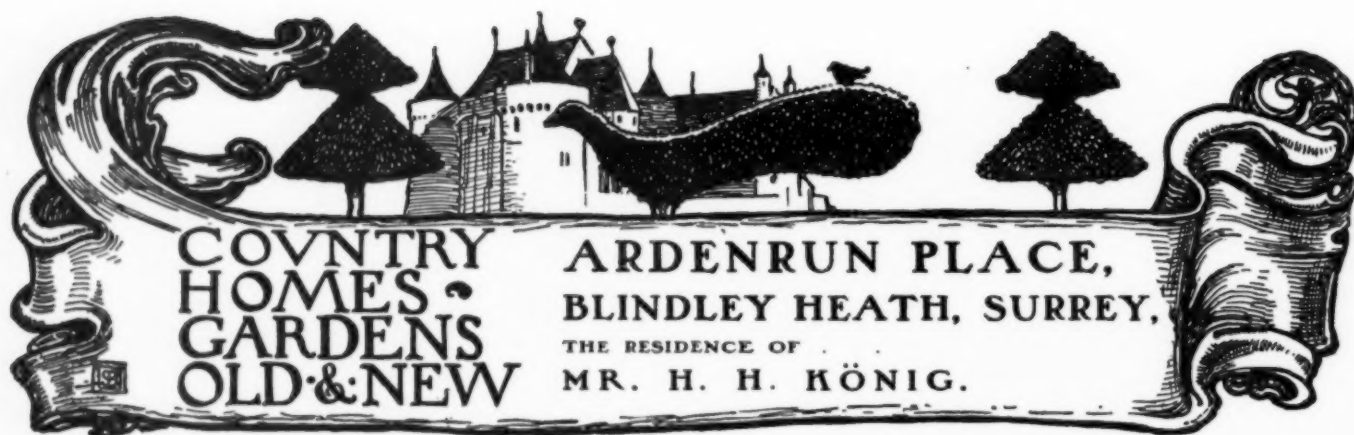


*Thus they make cleane and scrape the whale fins*



*A tent and Coopers at worke*





IT is permissible to wonder what the late Humphry Repton of landscape-gardening memory would have advised if he had been the architect of Ardenrun Place. Perfection in his own pursuit depended, he thought, "on a concealment of those operations of art by which Nature is embellished." Since his day we have ceased to set Nature and Art to play at blind-man's buff; but we may still lend a respectful ear to his next pronouncement, "Where buildings are introduced, Art declares herself openly, and should, therefore, be very careful lest she have cause to blush at her interference." This is delightfully apologetic, and one may picture this romantic eighteenth century gentleman doffing his hat to Pan and Satyr and deprecating the intrusion of the Mistress Art. He admits that nothing is more difficult to be acquired than architectural skill, and that "perfection is confined to a very few gentlemen, who with native genius and a liberal education, have acquired good taste by travel and observation." Perfection in the Repton catalogue of aesthetic virtues consisted in the aptest fitting of a house to the landscape, and, so far, we at once agree that the gentleman of native genius should absorb this idea into his theory of good taste. When it comes to practice, however, and Repton falls to details, we realise once more that to explain is to be found out. With Nature standing over him as a stern goddess, our professor walks delicately, and goes on to describe how she may be placated, though not without the modest fear

that the "observation is new, and may perhaps be thought too fanciful." With Grecian buildings (and everything is Grecian to Repton unless it is Gothic) we learn that large cornices are to be expected, windows ranged perfectly on the same line and few breaks of any great depth. Houses of this type must be built where there are *pointed or conic trees*, which, however, ought to displease us infinitely when they are mixed with Gothic buildings. From this proceeds the further principle that Gothic houses should be built where there are *round-headed trees*. The case is surely unanswerable if we allow Repton to plead Milton in support of his engaging theory,

Towers and battlements he sees  
Embosom'd high in tufted trees.

All this may be a very sound argument for eclecticism in tree-planting, and we will take for granted the "picturesque effect which is always produced by the mixture of Gothic buildings with round-headed trees." There are times, however, when the prescription cannot be followed. If there are no trees at all, round or pointed, native genius and liberal education must face the situation without them, recognising that their absence makes architecture bankrupt of motive, a very serious state of things. To the architect of Ardenrun Place, Nature denied the inspiration to be had by taking to the woods, for the site was practically bare. We turn to the picture with sympathy not unmixed with fear. Mr. Ernest Newton, bereft of Nature's guidance and



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THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



greatly daring, has evidently assumed pointed trees. Rejecting alike the Gothic and the Grecian of Repton's day, the latter of which, as Repton said himself, had too often the appearance of a Greek temple affixed to an English cotton mill, he has been

still a marked feature of the design. Wren had not yet said that none should appear above the parapet unless of domical form, a rule which he himself defied at Hampton Court, for though his roof is low, it comes above the parapet, and the



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THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

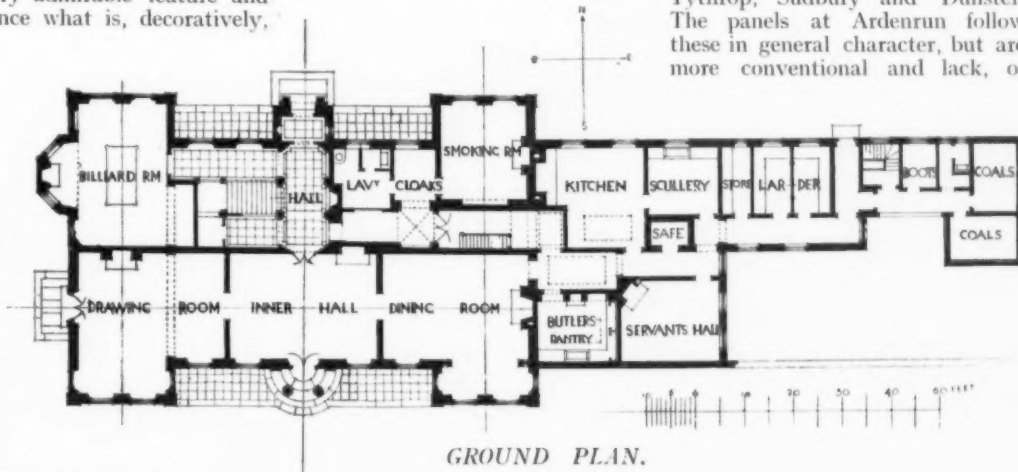
inspired by the work of the last half of the seventeenth century. It is doubtful whether there is any period of our national architecture which produced buildings so satisfying as the country homes of that time. They have that unity which comes from seeing the problem sanely and seeing it whole. The roof was

chimneys are not only visible, but bold. Such houses as Tyttenhanger were conceived in a spirit of sweetness and light, soberly and without affectation; and while Ardenrun is essentially a modern home in plan and bears the marks of its creator's individuality, it is a descendant in the direct line

of the older buildings, and inherits no little of their charms. The house is approached from the west, and dignity is added to the north front by the ample forecourt. Entering through the two-storeyed stone porch, a very admirable feature and skilfully designed, we see at once what is, decoratively, the finest feature of the house, the staircase. It rises directly from the panelled outer hall and is made of unpolished Italian walnut, with its panels pierced and carved in limewood.

Though one is apt to associate such panels with the art and influence of Grinling Gibbons (on the analogy of the example of Cassiobury Park, which was very likely the work of that master of naturalistic carving), they were invented very much earlier. The staircase at Thorpe Hall was certainly built some time before the Restoration, and both Tyttenhanger and Tredegar Park are clearly anterior to 1672, when Gibbons appeared on the scene and inaugurated what amounts to a new era. In all these three is displayed an admirable craftsmanship that was feeling its way to better things. It had not yet, however, shed that clumsiness which was so marked in Jacobean woodwork. It had the swing of Italian work, but lacked the refinement. When Gibbons came to England from Holland, where the earlier years of his life were probably spent, he brought with him no little of the atmosphere in which Dutch art then flourished. The Italian conventions of swags and garlands were given a new and alluring quality, which he learnt, perhaps, in the ateliers of the painters of Holland. Conventionality in the treatment of flower and fruit and bird was abandoned for a strict adherence to Nature—for portraiture, in fact—while it still held sway in the grouping

of the objects in a formal composition wholly artificial. The note of the actual carving was an extreme delicacy, which can be seen in the staircases not only of Cassiobury Park, but of Tythrop, Sudbury and Dunster. The panels at Ardenrun follow these in general character, but are more conventional and lack, of



course, the amazing grace and richness which marks the finely-wrought creation of a master craftsman who is unregardful of time and cost. The general design of the hall and stairway is another question, and has no necessary relation with the treatment of the panels. The arcading which is so pleasant a feature of Ardenrun Place was not the mode adopted by the designers who invented and carried on the use of pierced panels. Shortly described, it amounts to a division of the stair space of the hall by a screen of three arches, through the middle one of which the first flight is carried. Sometimes the remaining two divisions are utilised by branching the second flight right and left from the half-landing; but Mr. Newton has left the space given by the third arch to provide a gallery overlooking the stairs. Passing the staircase we come to an inner apartment, which, from



the beautiful hangings adorning it, has taken the name of the Tapestry Hall. The decoration here and in the drawing-room was entrusted to a Paris firm to be carried out in a French manner, and it necessarily looks a little thin after the robust English treatment of the staircase hall. The dining-room was designed by Mr. Newton, and very effective it is with its rich plaster ceiling and the surroundings of the fireplace conceived in a masculine spirit. The mantel-piece is in white marble, with a blue and white Wedgwood panel set in its frieze, and touches of gilt about the frame which encloses a picture of flower and fruit. A slight French accent is to be noted, however, in the design of the dining-room, and particularly of the folding doors, which thus naturally prepare us for the wholly French character of the Tapestry Hall beyond.

The simple, practical nature of the working arrangements of the house, in respect of kitchen and the like, is so obvious from the plan that description is superfluous; but note must be made of the perfect lighting of these domestic quarters, which is enhanced by the white tiling of the walls. Upstairs the bedrooms are many and pleasant, and the bachelor rooms are grouped together on the second floor.

We go into the garden through the curved porch which protects the French doors of the Tapestry Hall. A wide balustraded terrace divides the house from the sloping bank which runs down to the lawn and is finished on its lower edge



Copyright.

THE DINING-ROOM DOORS.

"C.L."

by a retaining wall. Further southwards we need not go. An elaborate formal garden has been designed by Mr. Newton, but the house is but lately completed, and so far little has taken shape in its surroundings except two pergolas of massive stone columns, not yet clothed by Nature, and not ready therefore to face the camera. The view of the south front, though as yet lacking the softening touch of shrub and creeper, shows how well an attractive elevation has been married to a sane and simple plan. The rich purplish red brickwork of the main walls and their bright red dressings have their pleasant foil in the Portland stone pilasters; and while the dormers are large enough to give ample light to the attic rooms, they rise modestly from the slope of the roof. A pleasing lightness is given to the roof-line by the white-painted balustrade, and the little domed lantern above groups well with the massive chimneys, and has its practical purpose in carrying a staircase up to the flat roof. The wood cornice which runs round has its elements of console and egg-and-tongue in admirable proportion, and the lead rain-water-heads are designed in a grave spirit very appropriate to the house. We may note, too, the half-dome which roofs the window of the billiard-room bay on the west (seen in the picture of the entrance front), for it is a little characteristic touch of Mr. Newton's individuality in design. Projecting bays of a single storey like this are apt, if flat-roofed, as is usual, to have a stunted look and to destroy the scale of the front from which



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IN THE DINING-ROOM

"COUNTRY LIFE."



they project. A bold domical treatment such as is seen at Ardenrun solves the difficulty and makes an architectural virtue of a necessity of planning. To the lay mind a house such as this, simple, quiet and without any one striking feature, may seem an easy thing to do; but it is precisely the qualities of simplicity and quietness which require the skill and judgment, and perhaps even more the reticence, of the artist.

There is a story told about the sister of Lodge, sometime Norroy King at Arms, who was plain of face but charming of

not bear examination. It reveals a character which, if we may expand the compact epithet of Miss Lodge's critic, is extraordinarily ordinary. This is, in fact, the danger besetting the designers of houses which follow the quiet traditions of the full diet of the English Renaissance. The whole conception is necessarily restrained and the scope of invention limited to the rearrangement of well-defined classical elements. It is, then, almost alone on the just proportions of the parts and on the refined treatment of the mouldings that the designer has to



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HALL AND STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

figure, and wore a large poke-bonnet. One day, as she was walking in Bloomsbury, two men hurried up behind her, doubtless attracted by her trim waist, and peeped round her bonnet. There was deep disillusion in the tone in which one of them groaned, "Extrornaryornary, by Gum." It is a not inapt illustration of the emotions which sometimes assail the architectural critic when he comes close to a house which at a distance is of fair seeming. The general outlines and mass may be good, and the proportions of its parts well devised, but the detail does

rely for giving an individual character to his work, and without considerable skill he will not escape the charge of having re-created the ordinary. While that is, no doubt, better than the invention of something extraordinary, which offends the eye by *gaucherie* or irritates by a false claim to originality, it is an achievement which leaves us cold. It is the happy gift of Mr. Ernest Newton to accept with cheerfulness the limitations of the mid-Renaissance manner of building and yet to have impressed on his work a freshness and vitality of its

own. In any architecture which derives its inspiration, even if it does not borrow its forms, from Gothic ideas, the field is open, not only for an endless play of fancy, but even for the larger workings of imagination. This is, or may be, true for work devised on classical lines, but in a general way for the main outlines rather than for the details. Such a masterpiece as St. Paul's Cathedral is a monument of imaginative design, and the exquisite spire of its little neighbour, St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill, is a triumph of fancy; but in the details of the work there is absent that lively feeling, that plays about the misereres in the choir of a mediaeval cathedral or creates the simpler beauties of the bench-ends in a Cornish parish church. From this view of the situation there need not even be excluded such work of magnificent originality as we owe to Grinling Gibbons, or the racy, vigorous carving of the earlier craftsmen who worked for Inigo Jones and John Webb. Even the everyday work of the Restoration carvers who worked on Wien's buildings has a grace of its

## “‘SHANK.’”

**Y**EARS ago the marshes were alive with them, and even now, despite marsh-draining and nest-raiding, they are not far to seek on the level lands of lodes and dykes. Where the needle-points of the candle-rushes pierce the bog-moss of the rush-marsh, where the ruddy sweet gale grows in low thickets, sheltering the marsh-ferns, and where the aloe-like water-soldier floats in the neglected dykes, there the piping redshank often consorts with the wailing plover and shapes a grass-cup nest. In the tufts of marram-grass on the sand-dunes and shingle banks of the seashore you may find its nest; for there the redshank keeps company with the tern and the ringed plover, paying frequent visits to the oozy margins of the creeks and drains of the salt marshes while the terns go a-fishing alongshore and the ringed plovers glean the tit-bits of the beach. And in the autumn, when nests are abandoned and the young birds are strong on the wing, it is



Copyright

ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

own, despite the fact that the traditions of handicraft were sorely battered by the practical cessation of building during the Civil War. The root of the great achievement of Grinling Gibbons and his school is to be sought in individual gift and scholarship rather than in the persistence of that native artistry which centuries before had crystallised its beauty in every parish church of England. It is always unreasonable to compare the greatest decorative products of different ages; rather is a just appreciation of their varying achievements to be attained by setting in the balances the productions of average craftsmen. In the details of a modern house which claims no earlier inspiration than the sedate charms of the seventeenth century, one may demand nothing more than the perfection of graceful artifice; but the art which will produce it is not necessarily less in degree though differing in kind. Suffice it to say, then, that within his self-imposed limits Mr. Newton has achieved at Ardenrun a success all the greater for seeming effortless. L. W.

nearly always to be found on the mud-flats of our estuaries, either following the fall of the ebbing tide or resting, on one red leg, on the gleaming ooze.

The true home of the redshank, however, is the shaking rush-marsh, where the pink-blossomed bog-pimpernel trails over the richly-coloured moss and the grasshopper-warbler lurks in the thickets of bog-myrtle and dwarf willow. The marsh borders the river, and should be approached by way of the river if you would see the redshank at home and watch its little ways. It is bound to detect you, no matter how carefully you may keep your boat under cover of the reeds; but if you remain on the water side of the river wall it will soon become accustomed to your presence and will behave as though you were far away.

You naturally choose a fine morning in early spring for your first visit, and you are down in the marshes before the reed and sedge warblers have returned to the reed-beds, though there may be a few yellow wagtails flitting along the dykesides. You may approach the rush-marsh without getting a glimpse of a redshank;



but suddenly a loud "t-lu, t-lu, t-lu," uttered right over your head, tells you that you are under observation, and looking up you see a male bird flying high above you, giving the alarm to all the redshanks in the marsh. Then, one after another, other birds appear over the river, until the air is filled with their wild crying, which subsides when you have drawn your boat up to the bank and kept still for a while.

There is an old cattle-chafed stile on the river wall, and it is not long before a cock bird, looking black and white against the pale blue sky, alights on one of its posts, where he keeps turning round and moving his head up and down in a strange manner. Presently a hen bird, with spotted breast, settles on the hard-trodden crest of the wall, where she is joined by her mate, who flutters about her excitedly, making frequent bows to her, to which she pays no heed. Near by, on the brick wall of the sluice of a vanished drainage windmill, another pair are conducting themselves in a similar fashion, the male bird occasionally repeating a single musical note and executing a few steps of what looks like a kind of dance; while on the marsh wall, which crosses the marshes at a right angle with the river wall, other pairs are dotted about, the white of their plumage showing up clearly against the dark clouds.

Towards the end of April, when you must cross the marsh with care, or you will tread on plovers' eggs lying unconcealed in the little hollows made by the hoofs of bullock and horse, the redshank, too, will have its pear-shaped eggs to attend to; but these will be hidden in the grass tussocks, where the long blades bend over them, making the nest a shady bower, in which even the sitting bird is often quite concealed. Like the lapwing, the redshank tries to distract your attention from its nest; but while the former keeps flying away from you, wheeling and tumbling in the air and then "shamming wounded" near the ground, the redshank flies to and fro or circles above your head, crying incessantly. Its oft-repeated alarm note is a familiar sound of the rush-marshes in April and May, and, after spending an hour or two in such a marsh, the not unmusical "ludle, ludle" seems to ring in one's ears, even when the birds are silent.

The nestling redshanks are not long in learning to creep out of the nest and scurry into the shelter of the rushes when the parent bird's shrill note of warning tells them that danger is near; so that it is a rare occurrence for a marshman to find a young bird in a nest. Indeed, when the young ones are hatched and able to use their slim little legs, the nest is soon abandoned and, guided by the cries of anxious parents, they find their way across the marsh to some creek or pool by the river-side, where they can forage for themselves and lurk unseen amid the gladden, reed and sedge.

Then is the time for the bird-watcher to take his field-glasses and steal quietly down to some clump of sallows near the creek, where he can lie concealed while the little redlegs creep like mice from under cover of the rond growth and seek the tiny crustaceans and other edible morsels to be found by the oozy creekside. Already they have learnt to give expression to their pleasure and excitement when opossum shrimps are plentiful in the shallow water that laps the border of the reed jungle, and probably it will be the presence of a shoal of these little crustaceans which will first tempt them to venture afloat on the waters of the creek. For the young redshank can swim as well as the young black-headed gull, and while it is still so small that a floating sedge-blade will bear its weight it will swim from side to side of the creek and even dare to cross a fairly wide river. Wherrymen and fishermen in the Broads district will tell you that they have seen the tiny mites swimming far from the shore in the middle of a broad, sometimes "landing" to rest on a lily-pod or a floating patch of pond-weed.

Later in the year both old birds and young ones work their way down the rivers to the estuaries, where flocks of as many as a hundred may be seen frequenting the mud-flats, and often staying to feed there until they are swept off their feet by the rising tide. Day after day they will visit the side of some salting drain, where food to their taste is plentiful; it may be they will stay a day too late in the season, and a gunner will thin their ranks before they start for the South. But

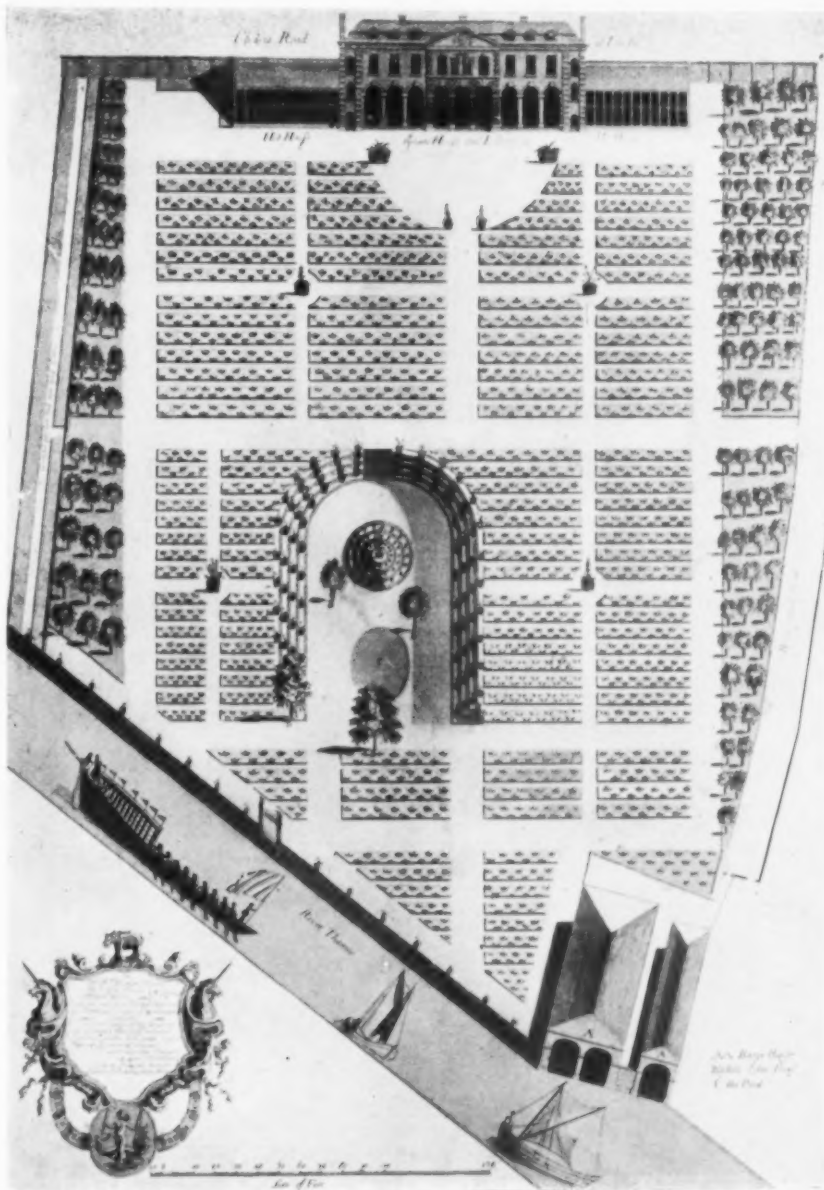
although a few birds remain on the East Coast during September, most of the redshanks, old and young, are gone by the end of August—gone to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, or to dip their red legs in the waters of the African lagoons.

To-day the professional wildfowler rarely expends powder and shot on the redshank, the market value of the bird being small, and the demand for it slight and decreasing. In the Northumberland "Household Book" it is mentioned as one of the birds admitted to his lordship's table, and with the stint, the curlew and the whimbrel it was sought for by the fowlers who supplied the larder of the household of L'Estrange; but even in the days of Sir Thomas Browne it was considered, although "a common food," to be "no dainty dish." Its value was about one-fourth of that of the green plover. In later times the eggs have been more in demand than the bird itself, for, despite their shape, they have always found a ready sale as "plovers' eggs."

W. A. DUTT.

## THE SUCCESSORS . . . OF JOHN STOW.

WHEN John Stow, the prince of surveyors, wrote his dedication to the Lord Mayor of the 1603 edition of his "Survey of London," he said, "I have attempted the discovery of London, my native soyle and Countrey." He was not the first to write a local history, an honour to be accorded to William Lambarde for his "Perambulation of Kent," but his extraordinary aptitudes for his self-imposed task, patience, accuracy and the precious gift of being interesting, made his "Survey" the greatest book of its kind. It was in the same spirit, furnished with the same personal qualities, but made stronger



PLAN OF THE PHYSIC GARDEN, CHELSEA, IN 1732.

by the vast resources of modern means of reproduction, that the Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London embarked on its large and well-nigh endless task. The recent issue of its eleventh publication, being Part I. of the Parish of Chelsea, is an opportunity to draw attention to the great value of the work being done by the committee. Whatever the merits or demerits of the short leasehold system from the political or social point of view, it is anathema to the antiquary owing to the tendency either to destroy or to remodel houses at the end of each term. It is, therefore, the more fortunate when the ground landlord is, as in the case of so much of Chelsea, a man of wealth and public spirit, who can afford to allow houses of historical interest to stand when the leases fall in, instead of abolishing them in favour of buildings of higher rental value. It is, however, very needful that full and accurate surveys should be made of all houses which belong to the social

series of drawings and photographs with reproductions of old drawings and plans where they exist to make complete the story. By the courtesy of the committee we now reproduce the plan of the Physic Garden drawn by Edward Oakley in 1732, fifty-nine years after the Society of Apothecaries established it. It was in this year that Sir Hans Sloane, having already conveyed the garden to the society, laid the foundation-stone of the new buildings which Oakley designed. Five years later Sloane's statue by Michael Rysbrach was set up. Would we had many statues in London as good! There could be no greater instance of the value of this survey than Paradise Row. Destroyed about three years ago, these warm-coloured brick houses, built in 1691, when Chelsea Hospital was finished, could ill be spared. However, they have disappeared, and it is satisfactory to find reproduced eight pictures of what is gone and to know that the committee's manuscript collection includes

many more. One of Chelsea's most delightful possessions is the Queen's House, once known as Tudor House, No. 16, Cheyne Walk. Twenty-nine drawings and photographs have been made, and fifteen are reproduced in this volume. We borrow one of the gate, which has all the characteristics of the best period of late Renaissance ironwork in England. Mr. Walter H. Godfrey, the able editor of the volume, very properly stamps on the story that Catherine of Braganza ever lived at the house, a legend only crystallised into the name Queen's House by so recent a tenant as the Rev. H. R. Haweis. Before him was Rossetti, whose doings there have been the subject of so many reminiscences. But all the ninety-four plates in this book have their own interest, and it is to be hoped that those who are ready to help the committee either by the gift of drawings and photographs of London buildings or by becoming subscribers to its publications will communicate with the secretary, Mr. Percy W. Lovell, at 23, Old Queen Street, Westminster. By such means can the twentieth century carry on the work of John Stow, who "attempted the discovery of London, my native soyle and Countrey."



THE GATE, QUEEN'S HOUSE, CHELSEA.

and architectural history of London, and this is the work of the Survey Committee. How congenial is the labour of dealing with Chelsea anyone who knows that enchanting district may well imagine. The decay of the Thames as a thoroughfare left Chelsea out of the stream of London traffic, though the building of the Embankment gave it a new lease of life. For a long time the houses on the river front from the old church to the Royal Hospital suffered that precious neglect which has gone so far to preserve them to us, and the index map which forms the frontispiece to the admirable volume before us shows at a glance how much of interest remains, or has remained until very recently. Each house is described in full detail, with notes as to its architecture, the history of notable people connected with it and, where available, particulars of previous buildings on the same site. The main justification for the committee's work, however, is not its literary aspect, but in the very full

### NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

THE dream of the legal reformer of the nineteenth century, that the title and transfer of land should be made identical with the title and transfer of stock, has not of late years been heard so much of as used to be the case. It would seem it did not represent the real desire of those Englishmen who invested their money in land, but only the ideal of certain Land Law reformers. Although Lord Halsbury put it in the power of the County Councils of England and Wales to take steps to have a system of registration set up in each county, yet, except the County of London, which was made the vile body on which the experiment was tried, only one of the County Councils has ever expressed a wish to have such a system established. The reason is not difficult to find; it was not so much dislike of substituting a new system for the old one as it was the fact that the ratepayer would have to provide the money for working the system, while the Lord Chancellor would have the appointment of the

officers. There were two other reasons: one that the small landowner has great faith in the value of a bundle of deeds, and does not regard a mere certificate as of anything like the same importance; the other, that some of the large landowners considered it might be possible that, if their titles were registered and open to public inspection, some outsider might make a claim to some interest in some part of their estates. Whether these are, as we believe, the true reasons, or whether there are not others as well, may be a matter of opinion; but one thing is very clear, that the Land Registry, as at present constituted, has been a failure; nay, more, as Mr. Eustace J. Harvey very fairly says in his new book, "Land Law and Registration of Title: A Comparison of the Old and New Methods of Transferring Land" (Longmans): "During the last thirty years or so the time consumed and the expense incurred in completing sales under the present system have been very greatly diminished." So people prefer the



beaten path. Mr. Harvey, however, is not satisfied, and here most people will agree, with the present system of land transfer. He asks two questions: "(1) Will registration of title cure defects in the present system of conveyancing and enable a perfect title on sale or mortgage to be obtained by reference to the register alone?" This he answers by saying that a proper system of registration will do this. "(2) What risk will the State incur by guaranteeing the validity of all transactions and transmissions effected on the register and the past titles?" and to this he replies "practically none." To justify this last answer the great part of his book is devoted. He takes the different transactions and dealings with land, examines them in detail, and tries to show that in the result the State would be involved in no real liability worth considering. In this he displays a considerable amount of learning and knowledge of the questions the conveyancer has usually to deal with, but, notwithstanding, he does not, in our opinion, show that there

will be no risk undertaken by the State. Nor does he deal at all with the more important question, Should the State undertake such risk? Mr. Harvey's book is well worth reading, for he puts in a clear way that laymen can understand the difficulties that beset the transfer of land. These difficulties arise from two things—the ignorance or carelessness of the transferor.

Modern land reformers advocate various matters that the Austin school would have regarded as heresy, and this is one of them. Mr. Harvey admits "however carefully the work of putting the property on the register, there are bound to be some gaps and blurs in the picture," and proposes certain drastic rules, such as refusing any registerable document any legal effect whatever until it is registered. Yet even with these provisions, having regard to the very fertile source of litigation the Bills of Sale Acts have proved, it may be doubted if even the ideal register will obviate all disputes connected with the transfer of land.

## A NEW SPECIES OF IRISH TITMOUSE.

THE discovery in 1910 of an entirely new species of titmouse in Ireland is certainly one of the most remarkable events in the history of British birds, and has aroused great interest among ornithologists in all parts of the country. It seems almost incredible that such an extremely distinct bird as the Irish titmouse, which I have named *Parus hibernicus* (cf. Bulletin Brit. Orn. Club, XXVII., page 36), should have remained hitherto unnoticed, for its characteristics are so striking that the most casual observer should have no difficulty in distinguishing it at a glance from its nearest ally, the British coal-titmouse (*Parus britannicus*).

The following comparative tables show clearly the principal differences in the plumage of these two birds:

*Parus britannicus*, Sharpe and Dresser.

Head and neck glossy blue-black, the light patches of feathers on the sides of the head and neck and the nuchal spot white.

Back, olive-grey.

Rump and upper tail-coverts washed with brownish fawn-colour, not forming a marked contrast with the back.

Breast and belly, dull whitish or greyish white.

Sides of the body and flanks, fawn-colour.

*Parus hibernicus*, Ogilvie-Grant.

Head and neck glossy blue-black, the light patches of feathers on the sides of the head and neck and the nuchal spot pale mustard-yellow.

Back, olive-grey, washed with yellowish cinnamon-colour.

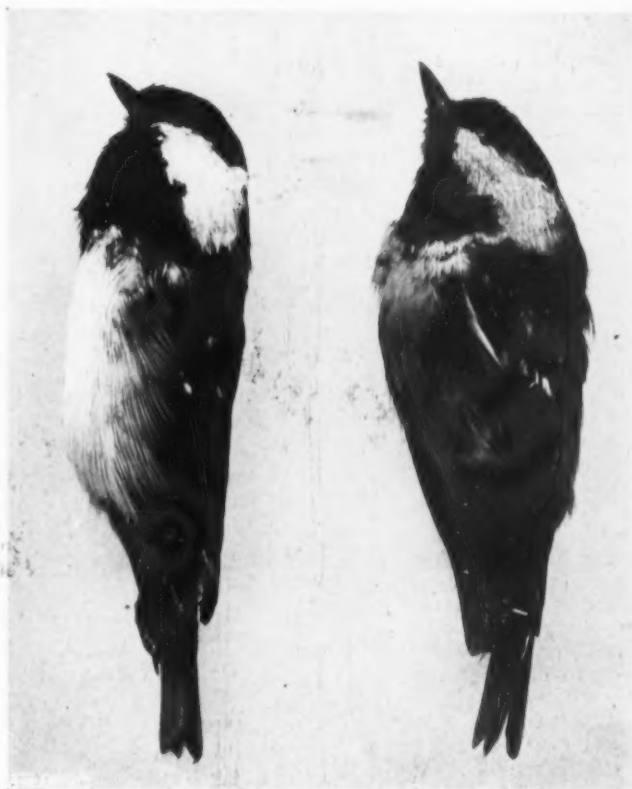
Rump and upper tail-coverts cinnamon-colour, in marked contrast with the back.

Breast and belly, whitish, washed with mustard yellow.

Sides of the body and flanks, cinnamon-colour.

The two birds do not differ in size, and in both the males and females are similar in plumage.

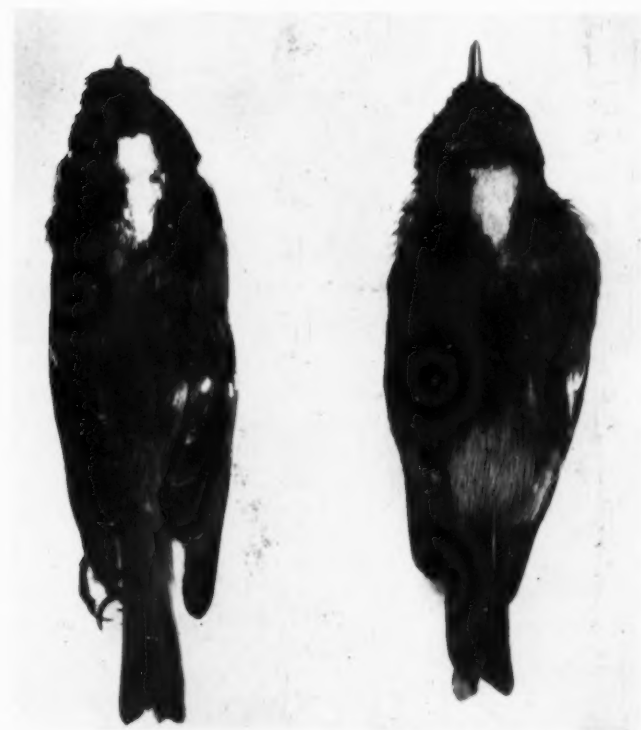
As often happens, the events which led up to this unexpected discovery were purely accidental. Knowing that the Natural History Museum was extremely deficient in examples of Irish



BRITISH AND IRISH COALTITS (SIDE VIEW).

birds, Mr. Collingwood Ingram, while shooting near Boyle, County Sligo, kindly forwarded me a sparrow-hawk and a few small birds, such as tree-creepers, wrens and titmouses. Among the latter there were two coal-titmouses, which I at once recognised as belonging to an unknown species, quite distinct from the British coal-titmouse (*P. britannicus*). A telegram to Mr. Ingram, who was unaware that there was anything remarkable about the two birds sent, soon produced additional specimens from Sligo, and through the kindness of Dr. Scharff I was able to examine five more examples of the Irish titmouse preserved in the National Museum of Ireland. One of these, a fine male from Athlone, had been obtained as long ago as May, 1865. Altogether I have now examined twelve adult examples from the following counties, Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Westmeath and Sligo. They are of both sexes, and perfectly similar in plumage, possessing all the characteristic markings mentioned above. The pale mustard-yellow colour of the light patches on the side of the head, nuchal spot and under parts is very bright and conspicuous in freshly-killed examples; but, unfortunately, this colour fades considerably a few days after death.

Another very interesting point about the distribution of the British and Irish coal-titmouses is the fact that the former occurs commonly in one locality at least in the North-east of Ireland, where the Irish bird is not found. I obtained a number of specimens at Clondeboye, County Down, in January, 1904, which differ in no way from examples of *P. britannicus* from England and Scotland. It is not certain



PARUS BRITANNICUS (SHARPE AND DRESSER) AND *P. HIBERNICUS* (GRANT).

whether these birds are resident in County Down, or are merely winter migrants from the opposite coast of Great Britain. As nothing more is known regarding the exact distribution of the two coal-titmouses in Ireland, very few Irish birds being at present available for comparison, it will be interesting to ascertain how far North the range of *P. hibernicus* extends, and whether it occurs in the North-Eastern Counties side by side with *P. britannicus*.

During recent years a number of our British birds have been separated from their Continental allies under new sub-specific names, generally on quite insufficient grounds. The

Irish titmouse is not one of these, and the fact that the British coal-titmouse also occurs in Ireland is an additional reason for according to *P. hibernicus* full specific rank. On the other hand, our *P. britannicus* differs but little from the Continental form of the coal-titmouse, *P. aler*, the more olive-grey colour of the back being the only claim of the former to sub-specific distinction.

Until recently, the red grouse was supposed to be the only species of bird peculiar to the British Isles; the discovery of this remarkable titmouse, confined as far as we at present know to the middle and Southern Counties of Ireland, is, therefore, an extremely unexpected and interesting event. W. R. OGILVIE-GRANT.

## PYRENEAN MOUNTAIN DOGS.

BY LADY SYBIL GRANT.

WHEN circumstances decreed that we

should take a house where there were empty kennels, the temptation to start and keep dogs grew too strong to be resisted. First arose the important question—what breed to choose? Obviously it must be one that was not kept by everybody, or supply would exceed demand. Then dogs that are too fond of hunting would not suit; as we do not belong to that now much-persecuted class, the large landowner. Finally I chose Pyrenean Mountain dogs; and if I praise my own dogs (as everyone does), I can only say in justification that I chose them out of all other breeds, and in spite of the severe initial expenses of quarantine. This



T. Fall.

MILANOLLO PATOU.

Copyright.

Pyrenean sheep follow their shepherd, and the dogs have never been worked as we use collies. About the end of March the shepherds and their flocks set forth up the mountain-side. As the snow melts they follow the thaw up the slopes, returning only in October. There are still a few bears in the heart of the mountains, and the speed with which they scuttle away is surprising when they "wind" their hereditary foes—the white sentinels who keep watch among the rocks.

The peasants did not pay much attention to dog-breeding in the past, with the result that mongrels are extremely common. Their treatment of

distemper is usually expressed by the Spartan code of the survival of the fittest, and I have seen one or two



T. Fall. THE FEMALE TYPE OF HEAD. Copyright



T. Fall. THE MALE TYPE OF HEAD. Copyright.

article deals briefly with—1. Their History. 2. Their Characteristics. 3. Their Food and Management.

To begin then—it is one of the oldest known breeds. Originally employed to protect the flocks from wolves and bears, they are still indispensable as guards against human marauders.

running about the streets in the most unpleasant stages of the disease. One advantage of this is that any purchase over nine months is practically certain to have had it.

As soon as tourists began to invade the Pyrenees good specimens became rare; for, attracted by the delicious fluffy



puppies, they bought and took away large numbers, and these died like flies, killed mostly by kindness and too much strange food. Thus it is exceedingly difficult to procure really typical thorough-bred specimens in their own country (*i.e.*, the French side of the Pyrenees). I need hardly add that the peasants, seeing that their beautiful dogs have been discovered by the foreigner, have now become very pressing in their efforts to sell every animal they possess, and even the poorest and most in-bred are carefully kept for the tourist. Everyone declares his own dog to be the best ever seen (and this often from ignorance rather than cunning, as many have not the remotest idea of their points). After staying in the country, travelling all



T. Fall. FIVE MONTHS OLD. Copyright.

types, I have several perfect and unrelated specimens (a few are illustrated in this article). Dog-buying in the Pyrenees is not at all a simple affair, and is further complicated by the unfortunate Pyrenean habit of giving all the dogs the same names, of which Patou and Pastoure are the favourites.

I wish I had photographed one of the dog-buying ceremonies. The long row that we have picked out from all round the country come in for final inspection from the various villages, accompanied by their owners — and the Basque peasant is a delightful character. The groups make a pretty picture against the background of mountain and dazzling sky. One funny old man from whom I secured Milanollo Patou exclaimed: "My



T. Fall.

LEMON AND WHITE.

Copyright.

over it dog-hunting, and slowly gathering and sifting all available information and history, I can claim a thorough knowledge of the subject. Thanks to a friend out there who kindly undertakes to watch and secure for me any real thorough-bred

dog has only one fault. He is too beautiful." And this is very near the truth as regards a perfect specimen. They never really have an "ugly" moment, even in the leggy stage of puppyhood. Sound health and strong constitution are as characteristic of the race as intelligence, faithfulness and devotion to their owners. They have never fallen into the hands of a certain type of show-fancier who has worked such havoc with the usefulness and intelligence of other breeds.

To describe the points, there seem to have once existed two distinct kinds, curly and long-coated, as with retrievers; but the curly is not half so effective, and the best coat is thick, flat and long. The colouring is white with pale yellow or brindled markings, or else all white. Unfortunately, the brindle comes out black in photographs.

Milanollo Patou is unusually large. He was a famous stud dog and prize-winner in his native country before I bought him, and took first prize at the Kennel Club Show a week after leaving quarantine. The usual size of these dogs is smaller than a St. Bernard, but larger and of a heavier build than a retriever; the shape compact and rather cobby, long, feathery tails, round feet, and last, but not least, double dewclaws. Above all, a collie head is to be avoided; it should be massive, with small ears. The impression given by the general look of the dogs

is that of strength and intelligence. There is nothing clumsy or lazy about them. They only reach full beauty at three years old.

The females are rather smaller than the dogs and lighter in build, with less coat. I have one in a London flat. They combine excellence as guards with every quality that could be wished for as gentle companions and house dogs.

*Feeding and Management.*—"What a lot they must eat!" is the usual exclamation of the stranger upon seeing my kennel.



T. Fall.

LADY SYBIL GRANT AND HER PUPPIES.

Copyright.

As a matter of fact, they are not large eaters. When up in the mountains with the sheep they are fed on maize-meal; and people say out there, "If you want a dog to have a good coat, do not give him meat." Allowing for differences of climate, I find the following diet most satisfactory: Midday—biscuits and milk; evening—gravy, biscuits, vegetables and an occasional bone. I employ meat more as a tonic than as a medicine. They do not require an enormous amount of exercise; a regular daily constitutional is enough, although on an emergency it seems impossible to get to the end of their walking powers. When caravanning I take as many as possible from the kennels

and from London, and they have often accomplished eighteen to twenty miles along a hard road (at walking pace), turning up fresh and tail-wagging in the evening; and they are not troubled with foot soreness.

Every child runs to pat and admire them on the road, and it is only in camp that they assume the duties of sentinels, ready to warn one of the stranger's whereabouts. They are so clever that it is easy to teach them anything one wants, and they are extremely sensible to rebuke. In fact, they are splendid examples of what one imagines dogs were meant to be.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

TO many English readers the name of the late John M. Synge is chiefly remembered as that of the author of a delightful book "The Aran Islands." The favourable impression made by that volume was no doubt due partly to the primitive and attractive character of the inhabitants; but it was noticed at the time that there are few living writers who could have rendered the sayings and described the manners of these islanders with the homeliness of language and fidelity to nature which characterised his work. We have now before us, in four volumes, *The Works of John M. Synge* (Maunsel and Co., Dublin), and they demonstrate, if that were needed, that the description of the Aran Islands was no chance success, but the outcome of a well-considered system. Mr. Synge's chief ambition was a literary one, and he gave the best of his time and the best of his talent to writing and preparing to write. It was his way to go to the fountain-head. An amusing example is described in the most casual manner during the course of a note introducing "The Playboy of the Western World." He says:

When I was writing "The Shadow of the Glen," some years ago, I got more aid than any learning could have given me from a chink in the floor of the old Wicklow house where I was staying, that let me hear what was being said by the servant girls in the kitchen.

It is a very characteristic picture, that of Mr. Synge, notebook and pencil in hand, listening at a chink in the floor to the talk of servant girls. In the preface to his poems he sets out his theory with the greatest clearness, and living poets might be recommended to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest his opinion that "at the side of poetic diction which everyone condemns, modern verse contains a great deal of poetic material." So-called poetic diction has a great deal to answer for. It is really a simulation of fervour. At white heat every great author will use exalted language because his thought is exalted. Wordsworth is a case in point. He jogs along, often for pages at a time, with the stride of a sturdy Cumbrian yeoman, sound good sense, but nothing more, in everything he says, and then, when his imagination is fired, he produces one of those passages in which beauty of thought is immortally wedded to the perfect word. But the worst of the modern poet is that he tries to write always in this state of exaltation, with the result that the language is often far more than the idea it conveys. It is like a magnificent dress worn by a commonplace individual. Mr. Synge had not worked this out at the beginning of his career, but it dawned on him as he went on. He saw that many of the older poets, such as Villon and Herrick and Burns, wrote in homely language of homely things, "and the verse written in this way was read by strong men, and thieves, and deacons, not by little cliques only." This, by the way, is a not undeserved dig at some of his contemporaries in the Irish movement, whose works are not "read by thieves, and deacons." His summary of the next page in literary history is acute:

"In the town writing of the eighteenth century," he says, "ordinary life was put into verse that was not poetry, and when poetry came back with Coleridge and Shelley, it went into verse that was not always human."

These are the principles on which his plays were written, and in our opinion they are the best of his work. He says in his preface to "The Playboy":

In the modern literature of towns, however, richness is found only in sonnets, or prose poems, or in one or two elaborate books that are far away from the profound and common interests of life. One has, on one side, Mallarmé and Huysmans producing this literature; on the other, Ibsen and Zola dealing with the reality of life in joyless and pallid words. On the stage one must have joy; and that is why the intellectual modern drama has failed, and people have grown sick of the false joy of the musical comedy, that has been given them in place of the rich joy found only in what is superb and wild in reality.

Yet, after all this has been said, it remains doubtful whether the genius of Mr. Synge was dramatic or not. Many of his plays would have made very good short stories. "The Shadow of the Glen" may be given as an example. The

incident in it is extremely simple. One of those tramps whom the author knew so intimately, travelling over the head of a glen in County Wicklow, comes to a lonely cottage, where the woman is watching by the bed of her husband, who has, to all appearance, died. He is not really dead, but is laying a trap for her and one of her lovers. The theme is one that has been in use since literature began to be. It is the treatment that makes the charm. Nothing could be more actual and natural than the conversation between the tramp and the "widow." It is not language that one could do justice to by quoting, because the merit of it lies in the fact that it keeps so steadily and exactly to the level of the tramp, and works to a *denouement* that might easily have occurred in actual life. In "Riders to the Sea" there is more of the dramatic element. The characters partake more of the vividness of life, particularly the old woman Maurya, and the incidents are tragical in character. The old body loses her husband and her six sons, one after the other. Mr. Synge did nothing more daring and strong than the speech he puts into the mouth of the wife and mother when she was told that "the grey pony had knocked her boy over into the sea, and he was washed out where there is a great surf on the white rocks." In spite of its length we shall quote it, because of the manner in which it illustrates the unconventional courage and faithfulness of the author:

MAURYA (raising her head and speaking as if she did not see the people around her). They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening. (To Nora). Give me the Holy Water, Nora: there's a small sup still on the dresser.

Nora gives it to her.

MAURYA (drops Michael's clothes across Bartley's feet, and sprinkles the Holy Water over him). It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time, surely. It's a great rest I'll have now, and great sleeping in the long nights after Samhain, if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, and maybe a fish that would be stinking.

The passage is not unworthy of M. Andréef, the Russian writer, whom many good judges consider to be the greatest dramatic genius of his age. For an exposition of the nature and character of Irish tramps and beggars the reader may be recommended to "The Well of the Saints." It also has what one would call a story plot rather than a drama plot. Two miserable and ugly beggars, really about fifty years of age, but in their wretchedness looking much older, meet with a saint who is able to restore their sight. During the time of their blindness, however, the woman had made continual reference to her beautiful hair and general good looks, so that the man on having his sight restored at once fixes upon the prettiest in the company as his erstwhile companion, and is shocked and dismayed to find that the withered hag is the real person. He does not realise that the years have been making havoc with his own good looks, and is only brought to a knowledge of the fact by the contempt with which his advances are received by the young girl to whom they are addressed. In the end both man and woman pray for the return of their blindness, the more ardently because they lived very happily as blind beggars, and were forced to work for small wages when their eyes were open. It is a parable, but a permissible one, and, of course, the moral long ago was set forth in the shape of a dream. A man dreamed that he and a great company were making a journey, and each had to carry a burden from the beginning to the end of the journey. The dreamer thought that an unlucky chance had laid on him a heavier burden than on any other, and his dream was that an angel came and, taking away his burden, asked him to choose that of any one of his companions. He went and tried them one after another, but in the end resolved to have his own again.



It was the one to which he had been accustomed and the one best fitted for his back. Thus, in his plays, Mr. Synge does not give us anything new; but in the sentiments, actions and conversations of his characters he reproduces to a nicety the Irish peasantry, than whom there is none more interesting in the world. It would be an exaggeration to say that Mr. Synge was a great writer; but he is more natural, more readable and more charming than many of those whose works "no good library should be without."

#### A WINDOW INTO HISTORY.

**The Household of the Lafayettes**, by Edith Sichel. (Constable.)

THE work of a writer who, brushing aside conventions and traditions and all the historical fallacies which modern research and insight are proving in so many cases to have been so extraordinarily foolish, sees with an unclouded and independent judgment the people and times she writes of, is always extraordinarily refreshing. There are very few periods round which more mistaken views have clustered than that of the French Revolution and of the times immediately preceding it. Even now there are many who cannot be quite certain whether to consider the Revolution a direct intervention of Almighty God on behalf of suffering humanity or a terrible exhibition of those depths of incredible madness and wickedness to which the intervention of the mob can degrade a race. But on those bewildering and lurid days this book of Miss Sichel's, already in its third edition, throws a clear and steady illumination. She does for us what few historians know how to do. She shows us history as it is alone truly to be shown, from the inside out—for the more ordinary method, from the outside in, never sees in at all. The de Noailles were, as Miss Sichel says in her delightful pages, one of those gifted and original families like the Sheridans, the Mendelssohns, the Arnaulds, throughout the members of whom a certain strain persists marking them from among their fellows. The household of these de Noailles is the window, as it were, through which Miss Sichel looks upon those days, and sees them, as far as it is possible for the living to behold the days of the dead, even as they beheld them. When that method is pursued many judgments must be reversed, and the popular judgment of the Ancien Régime is one of them. There were many exceptional people moving through those times—people who, as Miss Sichel says in a memorable phrase, "triumphed over the spiritual chaos of their day and tried to face the truth." Among these, and perhaps the greatest of them, were the de Noailles and, closely connected with them, the Lafayettes. In the space of a brief review it is not possible to do justice to Miss Sichel's brilliant study. Her description of the gradual oncoming of the Revolution among the Parisians is wonderfully good. It is breathless work, like watching the slow, irresistible gathering of some terrible natural force, the moment of whose outbreak not God Himself could avert. She traces the lives of her chosen household throughout the days when the storm had actually broken, with a most able grouping of events and circumstances, and her insight and her impartiality never fail her. To Lafayette himself, the great champion of Liberty, she does the fullest justice; but we are allowed to see him not only as the world and as his wife saw him, but also as an unbiased onlooker might have seen him—and smiled at him. It is a book of the deepest interest, and it is difficult to resist the desire to add a significant "especially now."

#### TROPHIES.

**Racing Cups, 1559—1850**, by Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart. (Vinton and Co., Bream's Buildings.)

TO the many valuable interesting works for which we are indebted to Sir Walter Gilbey, a charming addition has been made in the shape of *Racing Cups, 1559—1850*. The pages of the little book—would that it were bigger—will be eagerly scanned not only by those who go racing and coursing, but by connoisseurs of old silver and Sheffield plate, for in at least one instance the subject of an illustration is unique in itself and of exceptionally excellent design, and in many others the shape and chasing of the cups or bowls show that more than ordinary taste must have been exercised in the choosing of the trophies. About some of these old racing prizes there hangs something of the glamour that attaches to relics of the days of chivalry. Thus, on one of the ancient racing bells belonging to the Carlisle Corporation there is inscribed, "The swiftest horse, this Bel to take, for mi Lade Daker sak." The inscription, Sir Walter tells us, has been much discussed; but he takes it to apply to a Lady Daker or Dacre, who was the wife of William, Lord Dacre of Gilsand, Governor of Carlisle in the early days of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth (1558—1603). Then there are the Paisley Bells. The larger is about four inches in length and the smaller an inch and a-half, for which two thousand pounds has been offered by a collector of curios. Of tankards, we read that it was not until about 1576 that the word "tankard" was applied to drinking vessels, and that previous to that time it had been used to describe a large vessel, or tub, used for carrying water, as instanced by the fact that in the thirteenth century the men who carried water from the conduits in London were called "tankard bearers." We learn, too, that in some of the old tankards, or drinking vessels, the "massive handle was often fashioned into a whistle by which the user could call a servant"—and it seems to us that hence, perhaps, is the derivation of the saying to "wet your whistle."

#### BLACK AND WHITE.

**The House of Serravalle**, by Richard Bagot. (Methuen.)

THE theme of Mr. Bagot's new book is the one he has accustomed us to look for from him. He treats it with his usual uncompromising vigour and energy of attack. Italy under the heel of mediævalism—but Italy struggling under it, stirring, rebelling, secretly unbelieving—that is the subject of *The House of Serravalle*. A young Englishman, a Catholic by birth and breeding but not by conviction, goes as secretary to the Duca di Monteleone in his lonely castle in Italy. The Duke is a man of great wealth; childless, with a dying wife. His chaplain is a certain Don Torquato. With this priest Walter comes in instant conflict, and the story of the growing struggle between the two, a struggle which eventually is to the death, is made the theme on which is hung picture after picture of the corruption of the Italian priesthood, of the secret contempt of the male Italians for them, of their alliance with all that is weak and criminal and ignorant in the country. Years have not lessened the cold conviction with which Mr. Bagot writes of these matters. He has seen them and lived with them; and his story is the more interesting because of the great struggle at this moment growing acuter which is going on between the old and the new Catholicism of Europe.

#### AN ANTI-SENTIMENTALIST.

**The Land of His Fathers**, by A. J. Dawson. (Constable.)

THERE came an Idealist from the West. He came to London. And the result of his coming is this book. His first surprise at London, his dismay, his instantaneous tackling of its problem, his dawning sense of the wrong way of tackling it, the still later dawning of his sense of the right way of tackling it, and the manner in which, without explanation, or consciousness, or aggression, or comment, he held to the right way when he had found it, and forced it through and up till the greatest men of his time came in contact with it, and turned him and his "way of tackling" into a movement of all the English—these things are in this book. They are worth reading. Nowadays, when nine-tenths of the dire social mischief at work in the roots of the State is due to the confusing of sentimentalism with idealism, they are worth studying. This man, with his youth and his millions, plunged into the social problems of London; but he had brains also; he came from a land where it is still realised that it is not by what is given to it that a race is raised, any more than a man, but by what is asked of it. That principle Harry Ayres saw no reason to drop when he came to London. The love interest of the book is slight; and Grace the sempstress, who lived in a cellar and talked the purest English, strikes the only false note in it. She is unreal. There is, as is natural in a man dealing with a cruelly treated woman, just the real least trace of sentimentalism in the author's treatment of her. But in the work of the Canadian among his fellow-subjects lies the real theme and the true pre-occupation of this book, and the vigour and soundness of its teaching are worthy of unqualified praise.

#### THE PIT.

**Chains**, by Edward Noble. (Constable and Co.)

THE subject of parts of this novel is, frankly, beyond literary treatment and equally beyond literary criticism. The things told of are such that how they are told becomes immaterial, and nothing but the passionate pity and protest of the author's own attitude makes their telling endurable. He is avowedly breaking a lance; his whole book is a blow struck for a cause. Under these conditions he is justified in speaking of the things he does. "The earth is full of darkness and cruel habitations." Anything that can help to shame public opinion into their cleansing is not to be lightly condemned. Of the literary merit of those parts of the story which are fair subject for criticism one cannot, perhaps, speak very highly. Betty and Andrew and Sonar are not very much more than the lay figures that play their appointed parts in the scenery of the author's purpose. Betty is married to a brute, and worse; and the law gives her no release from him unless she herself breaks the law, for on the husband's part it "recognises nothing but cruelty and desertion." To show the bitter injustice of this, and the crimes it makes possible, is the chief aim of the tale; but it is not the only one. All the wrongs and oppressions of women, down to the lowest and most dreadful depths of infamy in that city on the South Pacific slope which the author takes as a type of them all, these are the themes that fire his pen. It is "the visitation of God" that at last breaks open the hopeless *cul-de-sac* of Betty's life and ends the torture of Lima Loo, the little "Inglesa." An earthquake lays the town in ruins, and those who are better dead, die. But it is not so in life, and anything written, as this book is written, to force on the minds of those who could remedy them the unremedied woes of the weak must be judged by another standard than that of the reviewer. Apart from this, the conviction and knowledge of the story are undeniable, and the inferno of Boraggio, and the other inferno that in one brief moment ended it, are alike described with tremendous force.

#### BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Widdershins, by Oliver Onions. (Martin Secker.)  
Tillers of the Soil, by J. E. Patterson. (Heinemann.)  
The New Machiavelli, by H. G. Wells. (John Lane.)  
Young Life, by Jessie Leckie Herbertson. (Heinemann.)  
The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn, edited by Elizabeth Bisland. (Constable.)

[SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 14\*.]

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

### A TOUR FOR AGRICULTURAL STUDENTS.

IT is not easy to estimate the extent of the benefits which have accrued to agriculture during late years from increased knowledge and applied science. To do that we should have to go back half a century and compare the methods of those days with our own. We should then realise what immense strides have been made in the use of artificial manures, labour-saving machinery and the treatment of animal diseases. Chemistry, botany, mechanics and veterinary research have all contributed largely to our knowledge, and a start has been made towards raising agriculture to the level of a science. It is, however, little more than a start, and years must pass before the rank and file of farmers will become a body of scientific men. At present the leaders in the path of progress are far ahead of the mass of practical workers, and we seem to want the means of teaching the latter to take advantage of the good things provided by science. Technical instruction is making progress in England. We have a considerable extension of our list of agricultural colleges and experimental farms; but the knowledge so gained is long in petering down to the men who gain their livelihood by practical farming. As in many other matters, we take things too easily, and we are allowing younger countries to outstrip us in the application of science to agriculture. In the United States and Canada they have forged ahead of us and, with Government aid, are carrying on practical experiments on a far larger scale than ourselves. Not only so, but the larger farmers are far more advanced than our own in following the lead of the scientists and experimenters and applying the knowledge so gained to actual practice. Seeing all this, it is proposed by Lord Strathcona, Lord Brassey and other gentlemen acting with them, that a party of tourists shall be organised in England for a six months' visit to Canada and the States, to start in April next, and to go the round of the colleges, experimental farms and some of the large scientifically-managed estates and view for themselves what is really being done. Anyone who reads the bulletins of the American

college farms will be prepared to hear that the young Englishmen who join this excursion have returned home with eyes widely opened to the possibilities of enlightened agriculture. The promoters of the tour now announce that the cost to participants will be £80, and it is calculated that this is not more than half the amount that it would cost an individual going alone. An organised party would also have special opportunities of study afforded them that no single visitor could possibly expect. The idea is that a student will in this way learn more by ocular demonstration in six months than by six years of sedentary study. The six months' tour will doubtless include a visit to Chicago. Even if the student, who may aspire to be a future judge in an English show-yard, does not consider point-judging any improvement, he could scarcely fail to learn something from a comparison of the values given to certain



ABERDEEN PLOUGHING MATCH.

A woman competitor (aged 70.)

points. Altogether, I think the proposal an excellent one, and I trust Lord Strathcona will find his public-spirited effort well supported by suitable applicants. I understand applications are already being received, and those who wish to go should write to the secretary of the International Interchange of Students' Association, Caxton House, Westminster. A. T. M.

#### THE SCARLET HIPS.

Anyone taking a walk beside a country hedgerow now cannot fail to notice the big sprays of scarlet hips which here are allowed to remain as food for the birds, or else to fall down into the hedgerows after they have been spoilt by the frost. Not so in Scandinavia, where these hips are a marketable commodity, and pay the country-folks well for the gathering. The hips are gathered by the children and taken home; they are then deftly split lengthwise in half with a knife, the husky seeds are removed with a piece of bent wire, such as a new hairpin, and the outer pieces are put on a tray in an oven and slowly dried. In the latter state they will keep for a very long time. They are much used in the making of a delicious thick soup, which is prepared as follows: The dried berries are soaked in water, then boiled in the same, and when reduced to a pulp are passed through a fine sieve. Sweet almonds are blanched and split lengthwise in strips, then added to the soup, which is sweetened to taste and served hot with whipped cream. Such was a recipe I obtained in Sweden.

#### WINTER SPRAYING.

We shall now soon be at that period of the year when winter spraying will be in vogue, and it will be as well for those who are about to practise it to be rather careful, as many farmers have found it to be not quite the boon that it appeared to be. It certainly fulfils much that is claimed for it, and sometimes more. These caustic washes have been found to clean off the lichens and leave the bark bright and clean. So far they are effective; but it has also been observed that, if sprayed before the fruit-bud has got tight, the wash will certainly upset the bloom in the spring, and it is also suspected that it loosens the gum that holds the bud together in the winter. Furthermore, it has a softening action on the bark

of the trunks, rendering these very prone to fungoid growths during the summer months. The whole question of winter spraying evidently wants thoroughly looking into. E. W.

## IN THE GARDEN.

SOME WINTER EFFECTS OF FLOWER AND SHRUB.

BY G. JEKYLL.

NO garden, if thoughtfully planted, need be without an appreciable amount of bloom on hardy plant and bush during the winter months. No reasonable person expects to find flowers flourishing in actual frost; but in all the milder spells that occur throughout the cold season there are a number of flowers that may be trusted to appear faithfully. Towards the end of November there is the large Christmas Rose, coming into bloom a good month before the others of its kind. The flowers are of large size and great substance. By the middle of December there will be the yellow Winter Jasmine, that will go on for some weeks; and from November onwards, in all open weather, flowers may be gathered from the charming Winter Iris (*I. stylosa*). It is true that in the last few winters, since there have been rainy and comparatively sunless summers, this capital plant has been more shy of bloom. It is a native of Algeria, and it would seem probable that a vigorous bloom may depend a good deal on such a thorough ripening of the rhizome as it always receives in its natural habitat. It is therefore desirable to give it a dry and sunny place, such as on a slightly raised border against a south wall, in rather poor soil; for we find that in richer ground it produces very large leaf growth and but little bloom. There is also a beautiful white variety. Also from November onwards Czar Violets should be in flower. After Christmas, Snowdrops and the little yellow Winter Aconite make charming effects in wild ground, such as beneath trees in thin woodland; the Winter Aconite will even grow under Beeches. Periwinkles are flowers of February, prettiest also on banks in wild ground. The same month brings the blossom of *Daphne Mezereum*, whose low-toned pinkish bloom, coming before the leaves, reminds one, by its strong, pleasant scent, of the several others of its family that are among the sweetest of the garden's flowers. The Winter Sweet (*Chimonanthus fragrans*), with its excellent and penetrating perfume, is another shrub-bloom of midwinter, though it is hardly showy enough to class among flowers of special effect. The Witch Hazel (*Hamamelis*) bears some resemblance to the Winter Sweet, in that the blossoms come closely set on the leafless shrub and have the same kind of yellow colouring. But though the petals are much narrower, and are curiously twisted, the bloom is so abundant that it has a distinct effect as a flowering shrub; moreover, it is hardier and can be planted in the open.

But, though we have all these precious winter flowers, the greater value of the garden will be in the deep, rich colouring of our best evergreens—Yew, Box, Holly, Cypress, Bay and Hlex, to name only some of the more important. Then, of lowlier shrubs, *Berberis aquifolium*, in its many colourings of green, red and varying shades of ruddy bronze, is of the utmost value. There are also *Skimmia*, *Andromeda* and its allies, and the beautiful Alexandrian Laurel (*Ruscus racemosus*). Rhododendrons, especially those of the ponticum class, are in their deepest and glossiest foliage. Besides these, we have the evergreens of grey and glaucous colouring—Junipers, Deodar and *Picea pungens*, *Retinospora* and others. Some of these also take on a ruddy tint in winter. But there are trees and shrubs of quite other colouring; a whole range of gold-variegated varieties that can be used with excellent effect, especially if grouped rather near together. Of the trees, the Golden Hollies and Cypresses are among the brightest, and among shrubs the Golden Privet is of fine colouring and has the good habit (although it is really deciduous) of holding its leaves till well after Christmas. The gold-variegated *Elæagnus* is also one of the handsomest of shrubs with coloured leaves. The gold-splashed *Euonymus* is only hardy in the South; even at an hour's journey south of London it is generally spoilt by frost. The hardy Bamboo, *Arundinaria japonica* (more commonly known in gardens as *Bambusa metake*), is bright and cheerful through the worst of the winter.

Delightful effects of red and yellow colouring may be obtained by rather large plantings of the yellow and scarlet barked Willows, and the Red Dogwood. For this kind of use the Willows should be cut down every year at the end of the winter, for the shoots of a year old are the brightest in colour. It should be remembered that two of our hardy Ferns, namely, *Polypody* and *Hart's-tongue*, are at their best in early winter. At the same season, in some years, masses of berries on Hawthorns, especially when wet with rain, are surprisingly bright in colour.



When, as this year, there are very few Holly berries, we much miss their brilliant scarlet in the case of trees that usually bear well. Where Mistletoe grows freely, as in some places where there are old Lime trees, the bright yellow-green of the great bush-like masses has a strange effect by contrast with the grey

stems and branches of the leafless trees: for it looks as if all the life were in the parasite only. Many people have been disappointed by trying to grow this handsome thing from the berries taken from branches cut for winter ornament; the berries are then quite unripe. They are not fit to sow till April.

## ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### PROPOSED TEAM MATCH—LADIES *versus* MEN.

IT has been suggested to me that I should shepherd a team of men golfers to play against an equal number of ladies, the odds being a half in each individual match, as were the odds in that now historic encounter in which Miss Leitch beat Mr. Hilton. Such a match would have its interest, going to show still more convincingly, in my opinion, that odds as long as a half are not required to bring the sexes to golfing equality. Between a third and a half I believe to be the right measure, speaking of first-class amateurs as against ladies of the same rank. None of the best lady players has made a profession of the game as yet. Sandown, in the Isle of Wight, has been suggested as the arena for this contest, but it seems a little doubtful whether I could shepherd the flock so far from the big fold. "Play on a green nearer at hand, and we'll do it like a shot," is practically what those I have spoken to say. The expense and time required for the Isle of Wight journey frighten them, perhaps not unnaturally; there is the sea to cross, too, and probably the sentiments of the ladies, if on any terms they are gracious enough to consent to play with us, will be the same.

### "PLAYING

#### SCRATCH."

"Let's all play scratch," was the final comment, in course of a discussion about the terms of a certain competition, and then a lady who was not a golfer, and was unversed in its technical jargon, to which, after all, she had been giving a divided interest, exclaimed gladly, "Oh, what's scratch? I'd like to play scratch. How do you play?" It had the sound to her of a more congenial game, possibly more familiar than golf, which she thought solemn—as indeed it is or should be. However, it is not proposed that we should "all play scratch" in the team match suggested. As between the first-class of each sex, a half is proposed as the odds, and, if any are not of the first-class, it is mooted that the pairs may be brought to a fair level by the men keeping their home club handicap, the ladies their Ladies' Golf Union handicap, and that a half be added for the gentler sex. That would always furnish a good working basis for bringing men and women together in a match. I wish our ladies would call themselves "women," as they do in America; but that is a personal matter, as is my conviction that a half is too big odds for them to receive.

### THE STOKE POGES CONTEST.

By the time these remarks are read it is likely that we of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society will be in the throes of the contest with the professionals

at Stoke Poges. For my own part, it is indicated that with the very valiant assistance of Mr. Montmorency I shall have to encounter two promising young golfers, James Braid and J. Sherlock. Even now they are not altogether unknown to golfing fame. A protest is being made about the policy of the Stoke Poges Club in excluding all but members and those who are introduced by a member to see these matches. It is difficult to understand why those who pay a big subscription to a club should not be allowed to run it as they please and to reserve for themselves and their friends the right of watching in tolerable comfort a game that interests them, and there is no doubt that the exclusion of all and sundry will make for the comfort of the players themselves—if that is any consideration. After all, he must be a very friendless golfer who cannot find a

member of the Stoke Poges Club among his acquaintance. It is hardly too much to say that such a state of social destitution as that would imply must arouse the suspicion that he is the sort of person who ought to be excluded.

### THE AERO-PLANIST OF RYE.

I have to acknowledge, if worth acknowledgment, receipt of a very emphatic but judiciously anonymous letter respecting the complaint which appeared in last week's COUNTRY LIFE about an aeroplane who made miserable the lives of the Rye golfers. The "selfishness" of golfers is the keynote of the communication; but, after all, the golfers of Rye are many and the aeroplane is but one, so the plea of selfishness, in this regard, appears a weapon more powerful in the hands of the advocates of the many golfers than of the one airman. It is only just to him to say that the anonymous correspondent does not claim to be inspired in this communication by the flyer himself.

### H. G. H. YET ANOTHER INFALLIBLE PUTTER.

When I was at Rye a day

or two since, when the aeroplane had temporarily ceased from troubling and the golfer was at rest, I came across a new kind of putter, or at least it was new to me. It was, I believe, devised by Mr. B. Hammond Chambers, who was captain of the Cambridge side two years ago. If you pick it up by the lower part of the grip, it feels a charmingly balanced club; if you pick it up by the head, it feels quite absurdly heavy. The secret is that at the top of the grip there is a tube which is, I believe, filled with lead. The idea is to produce a kind of pendulum feeling and movement, and in order to obtain this the club must, of course, be grasped below the lead. Thus held it did, I am bound to say, feel very seductive, as new clubs nearly always do in



BERNARD SAYERS.

club-makers' shops or smoking-rooms or anywhere except on the links. It is said that this wonderful club absolutely declines to be taken back from the ball in anything but a straight line, thus approaching to the mechanical properties of a real pendulum. Along the pattern of the carpet the club did, in fact, appear to travel with unerring straightness, but so in a long and bitter experience have I found many other putters to travel. At any rate, the experiment is an interesting one.

#### THE SCHENECTADY.

A much more important putter has lately been engaging our attention. It clearly would have been pleasanter if the Americans could have seen eye to eye with us on the question of the Schenectady putter. Equally clearly, things might be a very great deal worse, for it would have been most unfortunate if there had been a real cleavage. On the whole, we ought to be thankful for the compromise that has been arrived at whereby the Americans will "interpret" the rule in one way and we in another, so that the Schenectady will be allowed on their side of the Atlantic and not on ours. That this method of interpreting a rule so as to mean something that it does not mean savours rather of juggling with words it is a little difficult to deny; but the object to be attained, namely, one and not two separate codes, is so excellent that we ought not to be too critical. By far the most cheering fact about the Chicago meeting was that the general feeling was one of friendliness to St. Andrews. That is surely more important than the precise interpretation of the answer to the riddle, "When is a mallet not a mallet?"

#### BERNARD SAYERS.

It would add, if not to the gaiety of nations, at any rate to the gaiety of the other players if Ben Sayers the elder, as well as Ben Sayers the younger, were playing for the professionals against the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society at Stoke Poges. His comments would be well worth listening to and his play well worth watching, for there is no better and more entertaining player to watch in a foursome. Indeed, it is well known that the annual partnership of Sayers and Andrew Kirkaldy has been the outstanding feature of the professional International match. They have won many victories together, including a thrilling one at Sandwich. On that occasion the great little man holed a short putt to win on the last green, and Andrew, exclaiming, "Your haund, Sayers," clasped him by the hand, to the unbounded gratification of the spectators. Till this year they remained with an untarnished record, and it needed two very good members of the younger school, Robson and Renouf, to beat them at the seventeenth hole at St. Andrews. In that match Andrew made an historic recovery from the railway line at the corner of the dyke, after first vainly endeavouring his partner's iron in order to dislodge the ball from an unpleasantly stony lie. Perhaps the greatest of Sayers's achievements was accomplished in a foursome, when he and David Grant beat the then almost invincible Kirkaldys, Andrew and Hugh, in a home and home match. Though he has never quite succeeded in winning the open championship, he has won many great matches, and though now no longer so young as he once was, he is still a formidable and infinitely keen golfer, still for ever discovering some new and exciting and infallible method of playing a shot. He has enriched the golfing world with at least one aphorism, "The man who can putt is a match for anybody," and with numerous clubs, of which the most famous is the "Dreadnought" driver. His latest achievement is the laying out of a course at Monte Carlo.

B. D.

## RACQUETS.

ON Saturday, January 14th, at Queen's Club, West Kensington, a crowded gallery watched the first racquet match since Sir William Hart-Dyke's in which amateur and professional have played for the championship. In the best out of seven games at Queen's, the professional, C. Williams, won four games to two. The amateur, Mr. E. M. Baerlein, was not dissatisfied. The return match will be in his own familiar court, at Manchester, on Wednesday week. Most players would rather be in Williams's position and start with two games to the good in a strange court than start with two games to the bad in a favourite court. And I do not think that Williams is very likely to find the Manchester court difficult.

The two players are alike in several respects. Both are short, compact, self-possessed, and in the pink of condition. But there is between them the difference which there is always likely to be between the amateur and the professional. The amateur has the advantage over the professional in his choice of opponents; he need never play with a very weak player and he need never play when he feels tired or disinclined. But, partly through this very freedom, he lacks something of the deadly and almost automatic accuracy and sureness which is especially noticeable in golf and billiards. He is less of a machine. He may be more brilliant, but he is less reliable, not only in mere technique, but also in mood and temper.

And in racquets, at any rate, whatever it may be in other games, the amateur is a real amateur. He wants to win, but his livelihood does not depend upon his winning. He has (or should have) as his incentives the love of the game and the desire to play up to his proper standard. The professional has these two motives, but adds to them the desire to make money. All the time he is "out to win." It must be said to the credit of Williams, and of practically all racquet professionals, that they win fairly and are at least as sportsmanlike as the amateurs. But they are "out to win."

A good example occurred in this match. Williams started off by getting the first game very easily, at 15-2. Then Mr. Baerlein played brilliantly for two whole games, of which he won the first after 13-all had been called and the second at

15-6. But then the keenness seemed to go from him. It was not that he was physically tired; but it was as if he had had what was neatly called the "explosive" will rather than the "persistent" will, whereas the professional went along with the resistlessness of a motor-bus that can run all day.

It is true that, unfortunately, Williams cut Mr. Baerlein over in the second game. And (as I found to my cost in my last exhibition tennis match at Lord's with the professional champion) a blow on the arm gives the whole system a shock. It is true also that Mr. Baerlein approaches nearer to the calmness and deadliness of the professional than most amateurs, but his effort did subside.

The play was not up to the expected standard. It very seldom is. In fact, if you want to be disappointed, go to a really important single at racquets! The service was neither judicious nor of a good length; a surprising number of balls hit the back wall full, and there was very little variety. Williams is not a beautiful player, and Mr. Baerlein was some way from his best in style.

Williams is young, and if he keeps healthy he should hold his own among English professionals for many years to come. Every year he will become more experienced and sure, and probably for another five years he will lose little in eye, activity or endurance. His training as a boxer has fitted him for keeping his head and his heart and his wind during a crisis. While he will never be graceful, he will always be a much better player than he looks.

Mr. Baerlein has, I think, passed his prime. I never saw him play better than he did some years ago against Jamsetji, the Parsee, the present professional champion of the world. Since then—owing partly to his accident—he has not reached that regular standard again. But he is a most wonderful player and excellent to watch. He has a perfect build for racquets, and is light of foot and strong of wrist and forearm and shoulder. His fault is perhaps that, like almost all amateurs, he tries rather too much, especially with the very difficult and the very easy ball. He is a capital tennis player and golfer, and has a clever head for mechanics. And he has done a great deal to advance the very best kind of racquets. He is a model for style.

What will happen at Manchester no one knows. Personally I think that Mr. Baerlein will, if he is at all in luck, go very near to winning. The luck was rather against him at Queen's, where the back wall and the door are not satisfactory.

I believe that nothing would help the cause of the best racquets so much as a match like this—whether serious or exhibition—every two or three months. The veterans—Mr. F. Dames-Longworth, F. Browning, E. B. Noel and many others—meet and get their interest in the game revived, and nothing but good results. For Williams and Mr. Baerlein played the game as it should be played.

EUSTACE MILES.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE ABNORMAL GANNET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice in your issue of the 7th inst. two letters on the above subject from Messrs. Ogilvie-Grant and J. H. Gurney. I shall be obliged if you will let me have, in answer to them and as far as I am concerned, a final word upon this subject. The whole controversy has arisen through the somewhat hasty letter of Mr. Campbell, who imagined that the bird was one which he had daubed with red paint. The first reproductions of the photograph were bad and might easily lead to this error; but this was not the fault of the photographs but of the blockmaker, who evidently had not realised that the markings were the main point to show in the picture. Mr. Campbell, after seeing a perfect print, at once, in the most manly way, withdrew his contention and admitted that the bird was not one of those marked by him. Mr. Ogilvie-Grant asks how he is to know. This appears to me to be a very simple matter. The whole of the head and neck was evenly coloured, being darker on the top and gradually growing lighter. Daubing a bird with paint could not be done in this way, especially about the eyes, without the utmost care, a care which would not be exercised in merely daubing a bird for identification purposes. Mr. Atkinson and myself have this great advantage over all your other correspondents: We have seen the bird, spent a considerable time with it, photographing and examining it and discussing the matter on the spot, and, bear in mind, with the knowledge that some of the birds on the rock had been daubed with paint, we discussed the probability as to its being one of these birds. I say most emphatically that it is quite impossible for it to be so; the colouring was quite different to any shade of red oxide painted, faded or otherwise; the markings were so even, the colouring and shading so rich and delicate. Mr. Ogilvie-Grant says he is disposed to believe it is an immature bird in the third year's plumage (such as is figured in "Booth's Rough Notes," Vol. III., Part V., Plate V.). In reply to this, I may say the bird did not resemble the specimens there figured; they have a great deal more black on the back and wings, and there is one very important difference, seen most distinctly in the plate referred to, showing the third year's plumage, and also in the next plate showing the fourth and fifth years' plumage. In all these cases the outer tail-feathers are black or edged with black, whereas in our bird the tail was perfectly white, thereby proving, I should say, that it was an adult specimen; and as a further proof that it was an adult is the undoubted fact that it has paired. I cannot imagine how Mr. Gurney can think there is any possibility of its being a bird of the preceding year; there is nothing whatever about it to



assist such a belief, and, again, I may emphasise the fact of its having a perfectly white tail—certain evidence of maturity. Having seen the bird together, and having carefully examined it in every way, both Mr. Atkinson and myself are perfectly convinced that it is a genuine variety. I knew at the time that it was an event of extremely rare occurrence, though when I sent the record I did not realise that it was probably unique. The production of the dead body of a bird recorded appears nowadays to be the only method of fixing a record. However, that is a way that does not appeal to me, and I am now quite content to leave the matter until another year, being perfectly convinced that, barring accidents, the bird will turn up again.—R. FORTUNE.

#### THE COOKING OF VEGETABLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have noticed the letters in COUNTRY LIFE on "Vegetables as Food" and "The Cooking of Vegetables," and as I have kept house in France for nearly forty years and have had some old-fashioned cooks during that time, I have learnt something about the French modes of cooking vegetables. To begin with an excellent vegetable stock soup especially good for invalids (men prefer it to what they call "slops"). Take three pounds, or even four pounds, of the vegetables used to flavour the *pot-au-feu*, i.e., carrots, turnips, leeks, celery, plus an onion (fair sized) into which one or two cloves are pricked, and two or three middling-sized potatoes; put in a large saucepan and cover with three quarts of water (cold), boil steadily for three hours, until only about half the liquid remains (salt to taste only just before serving, as salt interferes in some way with the flavour of the vegetables if added while the soup is boiling; I have noticed that French cooks rarely salt any soup or vegetable before nearly the end of the cooking). Pour the clear soup off the vegetables very carefully, so as to keep it quite clear, and boil either a little *semolina*, vermicelli, or rice, very little, just a pinch, and serve. This is a clear soup. The vegetables which remain can be used for soup the next day in this way: Rub them through a colander, put them into a saucepan with about a quart of water; throw into the water a large dessert-spoonful of rice; while the rice is cooking, fry, in a little butter, a small onion sliced finely, till it becomes nicely brown, strain the butter, and after having browned a little flour in a clean pan, mix the flour and butter together and work them into a smooth brown sauce with some of the boiling soup; mix altogether with salt to flavour, and as soon as the rice is quite soft, serve. N.B.—Be sure not to put any of the fried onion into the soup. This is a thick soup. Brussels sprouts braises: Wash the vegetables carefully in salt water, rinse carefully, and throw them into a saucepan of boiling water—no salt—let them boil about five minutes. Strain off the water, put them back into the saucepan, a shallow one if possible, with a knob of butter, not salt butter (no salt butter is used in French cooking), and a little pepper; stew very gently, without stirring, simply shaking the saucepan now and then to prevent burning, for at least two hours. Sprinkle a little salt on the sprouts just before serving. A little nutmeg instead of pepper is often preferred. Saving when used for soups, it is usual in France to *blanchir* all vegetables, i.e., boil them for about five minutes, and this first water is always thrown away. The water in which vegetables are cooked is nearly always kept for soup. Soup à l'oseille is best when made with the water in which green haricot beans have been cooked.—JEANNE E. SCHMAHL.

#### A SPLENDID JUMP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Herewith I enclose photograph of a jump negotiated by Mr. Harry Fardeell of Wanstead on his horse Red Monk while riding with the Essex Draghounds on December 14th, 1910. The distance from take-off to landing covered by the horse was thirty feet ten inches, and the fence on the take-off side a strong horn fence, four feet high and a yard thick at top. The horse is a bay gelding, seven years old, 17h. high, by Red Prince II., dam by Ascetic, and was carrying thirteen stone at the time. This event was witnessed by Mr. Smith and his son (shown holding the tape) and three other farmers in the neighbourhood.—DAVID ERIC WILKINSON, Hon. Treasurer, Essex Draghounds.

[If the measurements were correctly taken, the jump is a very big one and much out of the common; but bigger jumps have been recorded, such as Chandler's thirty-seven feet at Warwick and that made by Empress at Liverpool. But the picture is interesting, and the feat performed by the horse of striking merit.—ED.]

#### THE AVIARY AT STONYHURST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sorry to say that my capercaillie died yesterday from a cold caught in roosting on the rockery during the intense frost here on Thursday night. We had to cut one of her wings to prevent her dashing herself about when disturbed. This prevented her from perching in a tree to roost—hence the result. She was quite fat, but to my surprise weighed only two and a-half pounds, though she looked more heavily built than a pheasant, the average weight of which is, I think, three to three and a-half pounds for cocks.—FRANCIS IRWIN.

#### THE LABOURER'S FOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your notes in last week's issue on Sir Oswald Mosley's interesting experiment you make what, to my mind, is a most important statement, viz., "The truth is, the cottager wants educating in regard to his food." It is always a puzzle to me how it is that the ordinary farm labourer's wife makes the weekly wage eke out at all. The majority of village girls when they marry seem ignorant on all matters relating to household economy, and hardly any of them know how to cook. The waste in most cottages, chiefly through lack of training, is surprising. White bread is, as you say, preferred by the cottager, the reason being, I think, that he has a rooted aversion to whole-meal or brown bread, because he

imagines it to be in some way connected with the black or rye bread that he has heard the old folk say they existed on in their youth. Not only is the farm labourer's wife ignorant as to the feeding value of the bread she buys, but scarcely one knows how to make and bake home-made bread, which, in my opinion, is more wholesome and economical than baker's bread. Another point that always astonishes me is that the agricultural labourer, who is well aware of the local value of wheat, never seems to insist that his baker regulate the price of bread and flour according to the price of the raw material. Provided the bakers that supply our villages agree not to undersell each other, their customers seem contented to accept their charges as fair. Is it only the cottager who is ignorant about the food he eats? Do not many dwellers in towns, rich and poor alike, know very little about the milk and meat they consume? How many of your readers, those interested in agriculture included, could, off-hand, answer the following questions: What is the price of bread to-day? How much weight of wheat is required to make a sack (twenty stone) of flour? How many quartern loaves of bread can a baker make from a sack of flour? What price does the baker pay for a sack of flour? What is the gross profit that he makes on a sack of flour? It would be very interesting to see published side by side the average price of a quartern of wheat, a sack of flour and a quartern loaf of bread for each week of 1910.—W.

#### THE WITHERED APPLE TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following true tale of an apple tree contains nothing that the expert does not know; but perhaps it may be of some use to those who are just beginning to pursue the delightful hobby of growing apples. I came into the use of an orchard exactly four years ago. It consisted of apples, pears, plums and cherries, with a little nut plantation beside it. The trees were in full bearing and in a healthy condition except about half-a-dozen, one of which was almost dead; but, fortunately, it was not despaired of, and by dint of a very severe pruning and generous mulching it has come back into splendid vigour, and both last year and the year before bore a good crop of apples. Another that was almost in the same condition has recovered its health in appearance, but does not bear well. The four others received a very bad report from the expert called in to give an opinion upon the orchard, and one that in the first year had the most abundant crop has now gone to destruction. In the second year it had a good store of apples on it,



MEASURING THE LEAP.

but they fell prematurely and did not ripen. In the third year the apples were small and few; and in the fourth year no foliage appeared on the tree at all. It was allowed to stand until late autumn, when it was cut down, and the stump was grubbed up on Saturday. An examination of the roots proved most interesting. They had begun to rot at the extremities. They broke away from the parent stump in nine strong branches, besides a number that were weaker. The roots had not penetrated far into the soil, but had travelled near the surface, and at their extremities were already so soft that they could scarcely be lifted. In their middle a thickness of three or four inches could be cut through with a spade, and close to the bole of the tree the wood was for the most part hard and sound, though beginning to rot on the outside. The roots had come into contact with the gravel, which, no doubt, was their undoing. The question is—What could have been done to save this tree? It was the largest, therefore probably the oldest, in the orchard, and if so its fate may be ominous. What I thought was that hard pruning, and, specially the rigorous cutting out of all dead wood, accompanied by a good mulch, so as to encourage the roots to keep near the surface, would be enough to save the tree; but I now begin to think that some other step will be necessary.—A.

#### THE CAUSE OF FLOODS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the highly interesting letter on this subject your correspondent has omitted a factor which plays no inconsiderable part in causing the disastrous floods of such frequent occurrence in the present day, and whose effect on the surface springs is still more marked. I allude to the straightening of many hundreds of the smaller streams during the last century. Formerly they followed a sinuous course along their respective valleys, in most cases bordered by marshy tracts, now converted into meadow land by means of the straight canals cut through their centres. In those days the rainfall was absorbed gradually by the surrounding strata, which only now receive a small portion of its volume, the rest reaching the sea in as many hours as it then took days to accomplish. On my property, about 150ft. above sea-level, the wells, 50ft. deep, had from 20ft. to 30ft. of water in them. At the present time 3ft to 5ft. is all they contain.

Several ponds from which when a boy I caught many tench, from 1lb. to 2lb. in weight, have not had a drop of water in them for the last twenty-five years. Is it not a fact that the solid crust of this world is gradually increasing at the expense of its fluid contents?

And supposing the present physical conditions to continue, it only requires time to become a waterless globe.—  
R. L. W. P.

#### WRESTLING IN PUNJAB.

TO THE EDITOR.  
SIR,—The capacity of Punjab wrestlers has been brought recently to the notice of the British public, and, despite the Shepherd's Bush fiasco, Gama and his assistants showed themselves to be worthy rivals of the world's best athletes. The wrestling-ground is a prominent feature in most Punjabi villages, and chiefs and other leading men act as patrons to the champions and lads of promise. To



BALOCHES WRESTLING.

the initiated a long-drawn-out bout like that between Gama and Zhyisco is not the wearisome trial that it seemed to the ordinary spectator, but is full of strivings for one or other grip and powerful answers that make all attempts nugatory. But the average man likes to see the strokes and counter-strokes pass more quickly before him, and for him the meeting of champions is as naught. A fair at one of the big shrines of the Punjab will bring together concourse enough to produce sixty to a hundred couples of energetic enthusiasts, who, after the usual worship of the wrestling-ground and touch to the feet of their instructors, the Jen Macs of the past, will struggle with true-hearted energy, and before all have finished the whole series of locks, holds, throws and counters will have passed in review before the spectator. The photographs that I enclose were taken at a gathering of Baloch tribesmen at a small hill station in independent territory. There in September every year the chiefs and elders of the tribes assemble, as they do again in March in the plains, to assist the European officers in meting out justice, civil and criminal. The occasion is also celebrated by various kinds of entertainments, of which wrestling matches form a part. The local Levy Corps, recruited from these very tribes, keeps the ring, and spectators find coigns of vantage up the rocky slopes of the barren hills around.

The little caps, like those worn by footballers, which Baloches need to cover their long locks, will strike the attention.—  
AUBREY O'BRIEN

#### PLOUGH MONDAY.

TO THE EDITOR.  
SIR,—The letter by "Martia" in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE brings to mind remembrance of how "door stoons" were "plewed up" on "Plew - Mundy" in some Derbyshire villages sixty years ago. As your correspondent says, this was on the second Monday in the New Year; but I know that some of the plough-lads went round with the plough on Old Christmas Day, while others



WRESTLING IN THE PUNJAB.

stuck to the Monday. I do not know how they managed to get permission to hold Plough Monday. I fancy they took it as a matter of right; nor were the "farm-mesturs" averse to allowing it, as well as finding an old plough, for there were then no holidays other than Good Friday, Christmas Day and Wake's

Monday. The plough-boys—both men, boys and all farming men were "boys"—took part in the day's proceedings. The plough was "harnst" by themselves, one taking the handles, and a driver had charge of the team, loudly cracking a whip as they went along from house to house. There was one who collected money, and he was "dressed up" for the purpose, but in no regular fashion; but he carried a fork. The method was to pull up at a likely house and ask for "plew"-money. If this was refused, the team drew back a bit, so that the plough-share could be driven or drawn at the door stones—not the door step, but the stones laid in front of the step. Then with a mighty shout,

A long pull—

A strong pull—

An' a pull awtogether!

the stone was put out of its place, by no means an easy job in most cases. If the owner "roared" and "swore hard," as well he might, so much more the fun, and probably the team and plough were turned and another stone was ploughed up. It was always best to give plough-money; yet some withheld it purposely until the plough-boys "had had their gam'." At times the plough was used to pay off "an old score," when some "mean, stingy, old codger" would have his door stones ploughed up as soon as the lads got there.—R. T.

#### A GREVY'S ZEBRA HEAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to a recent remark in your columns as to the absence of a head of Grévy's zebra in the Vienna Sports Exhibition, Mrs. J. D. Neumann of Tuchanga, Teignmouth, writes to say that she possesses such a specimen, which she would have been pleased to lend had she been informed in time that it would be welcome. This specimen, of which we reproduce a photograph, was shot by Mr. Arthur Neumann in the Tana Valley, at the end of 1893 or the beginning of 1894, and was set up by Mr. Rowland Ward. From its locality, the specimen must be referred to the Somali race of this handsome species, in which the dark stripes are brown and the interspaces buff, whereas in the Abyssinian race the former are black and the latter white. In this respect the species presents a curious analogy to the vortequagga (*Equus Burchelli*), in which in the northern race, or Grant's zebra, the stripes are black and the interspaces white, whereas further south the stripes are brown and the interspaces orange.—R. L.



GREVY'S ZEBRA.

#### FUNERALS AND RIGHTS OF WAY.

TO THE EDITOR.  
SIR,—Will you kindly give me the opinion of your legal expert on the following point. I have a road down which there is, I fear, a prospect that some neighbours may shortly wish to conduct a funeral. It is to be understood that the road is now strictly private. I am credibly informed that if I give the permission for the road to be used for the passage of the funeral party, it will, according

to the law of the land, make the road public ever after. Can you kindly tell me whether this is the case? If it is so, it appears a very extraordinary law, and I should like to know on what grounds it was originally passed, what the necessity can be for its maintenance and why it is not immediately repealed?—M. S.

[Our correspondent has given expression to a very prevalent popular delusion as to the passage of a funeral over a private way rendering that road public ever after. We know that the error exists in Cheshire, Cornwall, Derbyshire, Buckingham, Worcester and in some parts of Wales, and it probably extends over the greater part of the country. At one time the high road between Rowsley and Chatsworth was commonly proclaimed to be a "corpse road," the local tradition being that originally the road, or a part of it, was private, but that a funeral party forcibly carried their dead along the road, thereby constituting it for all time a public highway. There is, however, no such law, there never was, and it is safe to say there never will be. So our correspondent may rest easy; the passage over his land of a funeral party with his express permission will not alter his rights one iota. If his way is now private, it will remain private until he dedicates it to the public use. It is easy to see the origin of the popular idea. As it is seldom that dedication can be formally proved, it has to be inferred by the Court from evidence of uninterrupted user. Now the passage of a public procession, such as a funeral, is impressed on people's memory; a man can say that he remembers using the alleged way for so many years, and when pressed to fix a date he says "My father, or grandfather, died fifty years ago, and we took him along that way to be buried, and were not stopped or turned back." Of course, no one likes to interfere with a solemn and sorrowful occasion like a funeral, and it is more than probable that in many cases evidence of long user as of right has been traced back to such a fact, and so the popular error gathers strength and some sort of a basis. Our correspondent should either decline to allow the funeral party to pass over his ground or should make it clear that the passage is only by permission. A letter from one of the mourners, or even a statement of permission having been granted, should be placed by the owner among his title deeds, or otherwise put upon record, so as to prevent the assertion in years to come that the funeral party passed as of right and without interruption.—ED.]